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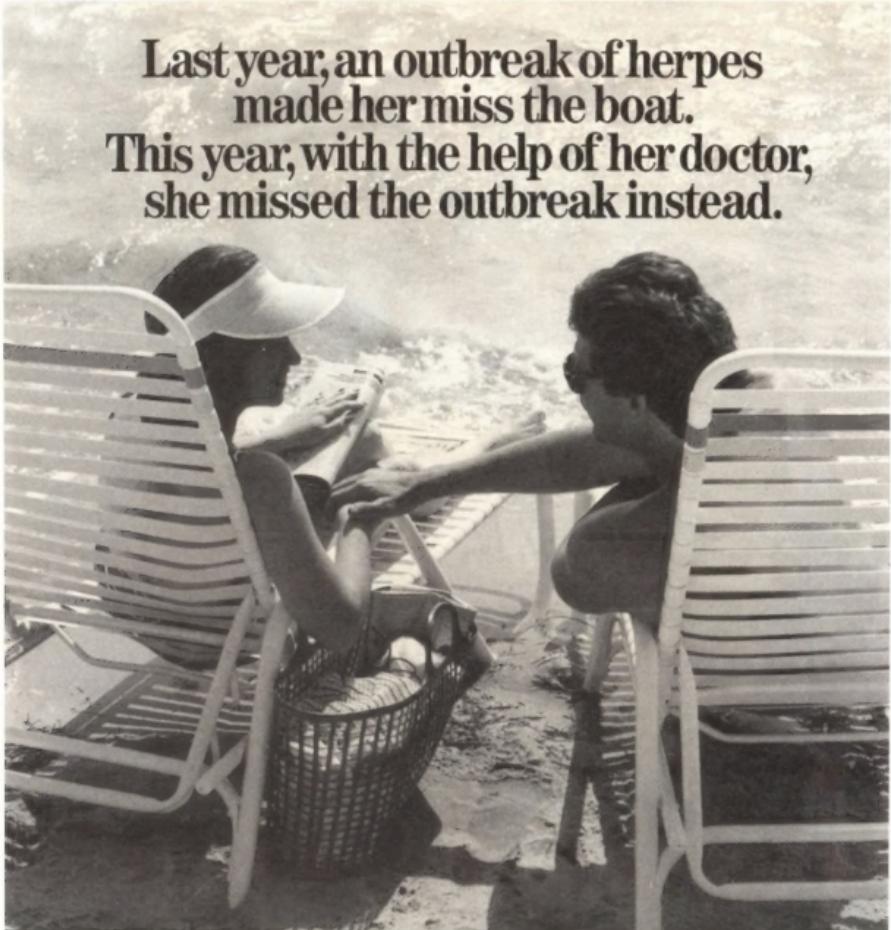


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See your doctor...there is help for herpes



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COVER: As air traffic soars, a strained 24 U.S. system struggles to preserve safety

In an era of deregulation and cutthroat competition, experts worry about understaffing in the control towers, inexperience in airline cockpits and deferred maintenance in hangars. ▶ Why did the Federal Aviation Administration soften a critical inspection report on Continental Airlines? ▶ Amid controversy, a device to avoid midair collisions finally nears realization. See NATION.



NATION: Returning to the capital, Reagan 16 faces his presidency's toughest battles

After surgery, the Chief Executive must map out a legislative agenda for his scandal-plagued Administration. The prognosis is not sanguine for a White House showing signs of creative burnout. ▶ A fiery New Year's Eve disaster leaves scores dead at a San Juan hotel. ▶ In Washington, a nuclear reactor closes down, but debate heats up. ▶ Convention cities vie to give a political party.



ART: Money, collectors and museums 78 give Los Angeles culture a boost

Long dismissed as a fantasy mill, the city makes a bid for status with the triumphantly designed Museum of Contemporary Art and a new wing of the Los Angeles County Museum, which makes its debut with a ground-breaking show of abstract art. With the completion of the vast Getty complex still to come, Los Angeles promises to shift the cultural balance in the U.S., though not tomorrow.



36

World

In Tehran, a power struggle continues to flare. ▶ Peking students stage another spectacular protest. ▶ Harold Macmillan dies at 92.

52

Economy & Business

The annual battle over the deficit is joined. ▶ A trade war between the U.S. and Europe is brewing. ▶ Hospitals learn the hard sell.

65

Education

With the tenure system logjammed, colleges are turning to part-time faculty, creating a fast-growing and unhappy race of "gypsies."

72

Books

Elmore Leonard's *Bandits* pits an ex-con against the *contras*. ▶ *The Second Oldest Profession* relates the history of espionage.

60

Religion

A Gorbachev attack on religion suggests a new Kremlin worry: the rapid growth of Muslim groups in the U.S.S.R.

75

Theater

Robert Brustein's American Repertory marks its 20th anniversary with a baffling and amusing adaptation of *Tonight We Improvise*.

62

Medicine

A controversial technique, implanting cells from aborted fetuses, is helping diabetics and shows promise in treating other ills.

82

Essay

The culture police are back on patrol. This time they are out to save you from "colorized" old movies.

8 Letters

13 American Scene

63 Behavior

64 Health & Fitness

66 Law

66 Milestones

68 Sport

69 People

70 Show Business

Cover:

Illustration by Gottfried Heinlein

IBM presents four to come to the show



There are countless reasons why over three million people have made IBM® the first choice in business computing.

But here are four of the best: the computers that make up the IBM family of business PCs.

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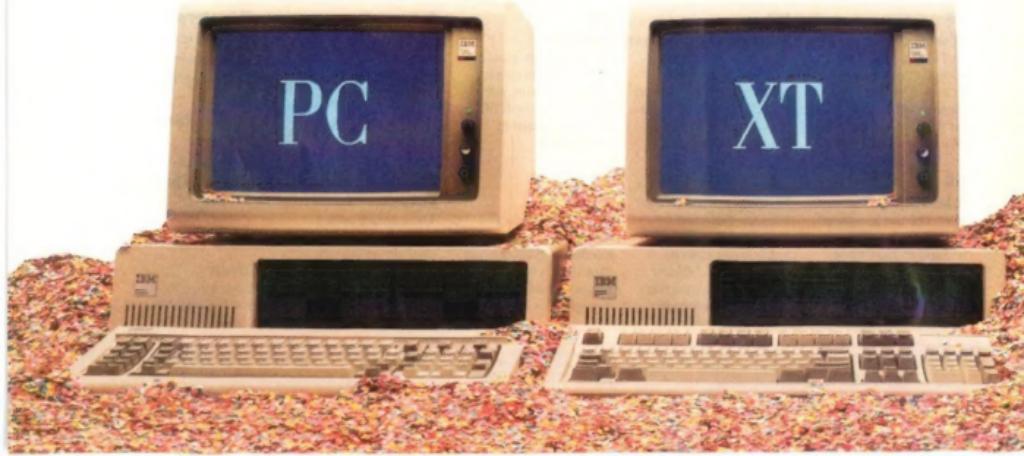
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ur different ways ame conclusion.

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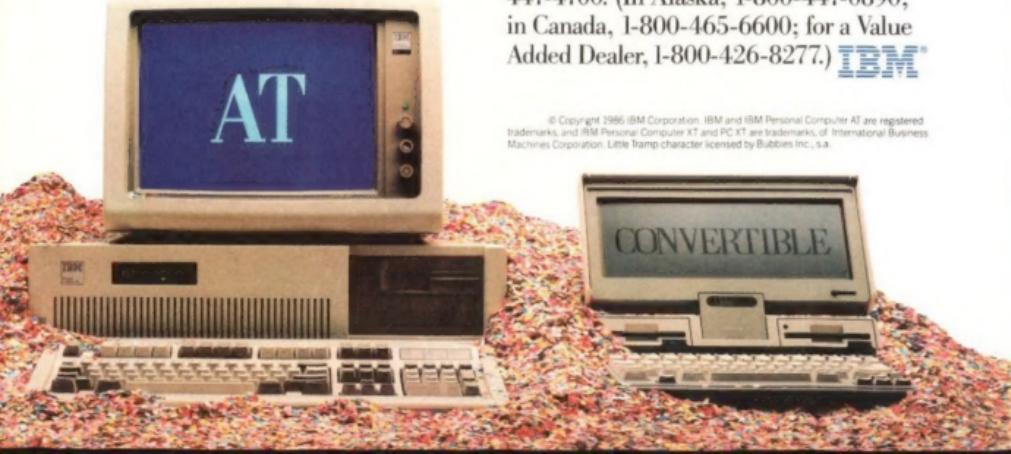
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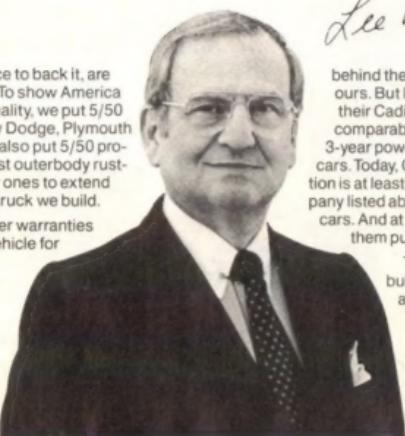


"If you're looking for who builds them best, take a look at who backs them best."

Comparison of powertrain protection on all cars

Chrysler	5 years or 50,000 miles*
Porsche	5 years or 50,000 miles
Mercedes	4 years or 50,000 miles
GM	3 years or 36,000 miles
Ford	3 years. Unlimited miles
Toyota	3 years or 36,000 miles
Nissan	3 years or 36,000 miles
Honda	2 years or 24,000 miles
Subaru	1 year. Unlimited miles

"We rest our case."



Lee Iacocca

Quality, and the confidence to back it, are what make Chrysler Chrysler. To show America how much we believe in our quality, we put 5/50 powertrain protection on every Dodge, Plymouth and Chrysler car we build. We also put 5/50 protection on the turbo and against outerbody rust-through. And we were the only ones to extend that same protection to every truck we build.

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We've invited the other car companies to stand

*See Limited warranty at dealer. Restrictions apply.

behind their quality the way we stand behind ours. But look at the facts. GM and Ford favor their Cadillacs, Lincolns and Merkur's with comparable powertrain warranties, but give only 3-year powertrain protection to all their other cars. Today, Chrysler's 5-year powertrain protection is at least two years longer than any car company listed above puts on its competitively priced cars. And at least three years longer than any of them put on their trucks.

The next time somebody tells you he builds the best cars and trucks, take a look at his warranty. Then take a look at ours.

 **CHRYSLER**
MOTORS
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A Letter from the Publisher

TIME's beat is the entire world, and it naturally follows that our correspondents are among the airlines' steadiest customers. In view of this week's cover story on air safety, it is noteworthy that few of these reporters, many of whom log tens of thousands of miles each year, express fears for their own safety while aboard an aircraft.

Chicago Correspondent Lee Griggs, whose reporting figures heavily in this week's cover, calculates that he has flown at least a million miles for TIME during the past 30 years. He has had more than his share of near misses: two flights from which he had deplaned, one in Hong Kong and another on Cape Cod, crashed at the next stop, with fatal results. On a third occasion he was the sixth standby for a flight from Tampa to Atlanta, but only four people ahead of him were taken. Shortly after, the plane crashed at Jacksonville, killing all aboard. Says Griggs: "I missed getting to a late-breaking story, but I'm still around to tell about it."

Miami Bureau Chief Marcia Gauger, formerly based in South Asia, recalls that she found it unsettling to fly on Pakistan International Airlines because as a flight approached its destination, a stewardess would customarily announce, "In ten minutes, *inshallah* [God willing], we will be landing." Says Gauger gratefully: "Allah never failed us."



Confidence: Griggs awaits takeoff at Chicago

Several members of our staff have devised criteria for judging how nervous they ought to be. Among them are Washington Correspondent Patricia Delaney and Jerry Hannifin, who both contributed to the cover. "My first rule for comfort and safety is to fly when the smallest number of people do," says Delaney. "I'd rather get up at 5 a.m. on a weekend, when the capital is most romantic in the dawn blush along the Potomac, than face the mobbed 8 a.m. weekday flights." Hannifin, a longtime pilot who has covered the aviation industry for TIME for more than three decades, maintains he is "relaxed and happy aboard any professionally flown aircraft." He nonetheless recommends sitting on the aisle in the plane's midsection.

Why? "You have a choice of over-wing emergency exits," New York Correspondent Joseph Boyce, only half facetiously, checks out the pilot. "It's always good if he's graying," says Boyce. "That means he is 'experienced.' But if he is completely gray and, heaven forbid, wears glasses, I begin to get uneasy." Clearly, for TIME's frequent flyers, humor helps keep worries about air safety in proper perspective.

Richard B. Thomas



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Letters

Iranscam (Cont'd.)

To the Editors:

As a World War II veteran, I am outraged that many individuals, including President Reagan and Pat Buchanan, are calling Lieut. Colonel Oliver North a national hero [NATION, Dec. 22]. Whether his actions during the Iran-contra scandal merit such acclaim cannot be determined, since he won't furnish an accounting of his ventures. If the facts were known, perhaps I would agree. The continued silence of North and Vice Admiral John Poindexter is not heroic. Many servicemen have given their lives for their country. Is it asking too much for North and Poindexter also to make a sacrifice and risk prosecution? They won't lose their lives in the process. Let them be real heroes!

John R. McBride
Las Vegas



Lieut. Colonel Oliver North is my brother. In your story you said, "In a voice quavering with suppressed (or feigned) emotion, he took the Fifth Amendment . . ." As a speech pathologist, I know that judging emotion from a voice is most difficult. Having watched and heard my brother during his testimony, I have no doubt that his emotion was genuine.

Patricia N. Balthazar
San Bernardino, Calif.

You mentioned a defense fund started by Oliver North's Naval Academy classmates. Your readers should be aware that there are Annapolis graduates who are *not* impressed with his performance and who would *not* contribute to such a fund. As long as we wear a uniform, we are responsible to the nation for our actions. There may be security reasons for not testifying in open session. There are no reasons for not testifying in closed session. Taking the Fifth Amendment to cover professional actions is against the traditions North learned at Annapolis.

Richard F. Brown
U.S. Naval Academy Class of '69
Tampa

I am an American and a former French Foreign Legionnaire; I salute Lieut. Colonel North for his brains and courage. If the press had not blown all the secrets, the hostages would be home.

Yervand Markarian
Glendale, Calif.

How could a Marine lieutenant colonel in good conscience help organize a deal that would benefit Iran, the very nation that was responsible for the death of hundreds of his fellow Marines?

Donald Wietra
Merritt Island, Fla.

It intrigues me as a Canadian to watch the news media and both houses of Congress tear apart the U.S. Because Oliver North took the Fifth, he is being smeared by the news media and by Congress as almost a traitor. Has it ever occurred to anyone that the opposite may be true? I submit that North is taking the blame to protect not himself but his country. Try giving him the benefit of the doubt until we know better, and let's have some discretion from the news media.

T.P. Howard
Montreal

Apropos of the Iranagate scandal, what's all the fuss about? Why do the pundits expect politics to be lily white? When has politics in any country at any time been that way? Are the ethics of Americans so pure that they can criticize the politicians they put in power? It seems to me that the people expect from politicians a standard of ethics they themselves seldom achieve.

Stuart Haley
Greenwich, Australia

Your story has a photograph that shows the "Stars and Stripes" being stomped on by an Iranian child. That flag may be red, white and blue, but—despite your caption—six-pointed stars and 27 stripes do not a U.S. flag make.

JJ Cowles
Las Vegas

Gonzo Journalism

Of course some lazy journalists won't like Geraldo Rivera's show *American Vice: The Doping of a Nation* [PRESS, Dec. 22]. But bravo for Geraldo! His live telecast of drug busts gave us a look at the real world, not the slick, Madison Avenue version of it served up by a senior anchorman sitting in air-conditioned comfort. Rivera investigated the drug mess in the only logical way—by going out and seeing it. Funny that in wartime the frontline journalist is a courageous, noble hero. In covering the drug war, however, Rivera is depicted by TIME as a gonzo reporter. If you don't like the real world, don't blame the fearless messenger.

John Bartosz
West Hartford, Conn.

Your criticism of Geraldo Rivera's recent program was unwarranted. The show only depicted the reality of the drug war in this country. I agree that caution must be used in any police operation, but at the same time the officers you saw on the screen would not have jeopardized their safety just to be on camera. We need more of this kind of gutsy coverage. Then maybe all of us will be more clearly aware of the drug problem. I've been in law enforcement for almost 13 years. My hat is off to Mr. Rivera for a job well done.

Karl S. Gilje
Chief of Police
Warden, Wash.

Fairy-Tale Toys

As a parent and an educator, I was surprised at the "plus ça change . . ." impression given by your piece on children's toys [LIVING, Dec. 22]. Are you assuming that Rambo occupies the same role as Daniel Boone or Superman in children's fantasies and contributes in the same way to their moral and social development? If the historical trend toward more explicitly violent heroes is so benign, why have we seen such a dramatic increase in real violence in our society over the past several decades?

Terrence C. Mason
Department of Early Childhood Education
University of Georgia
Athens, Ga.

Soldiers, guns, tanks and planes—as a boy I had them all. While my friends were out playing football, I found what troops I could (many imaginary) and jaunted into the nearby woods on search-and-destroy missions. Now, after eleven years as a clergyman, I can say I learned quite a few good lessons from those military adventures, one of which is expressed in the words of the Apostle Paul: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ . . . that you may please Him who hath called you to be a soldier."

(The Rev.) Paul K. Steffens
Syracuse, N.Y.

I find it ludicrous to claim that there is something unethical about toy companies creating animated programs in order to sell their toys. For years television shows have licensed toy companies to re-create their characters and objects for children to play with. If a company designs a concept for a toy, as well as a story line to go with it, it is just a natural extension of the licensing concept.

Michael A. Mayer
Wallingford, Pa.

I disagree with the experts who claim that children have "little room for improvisation" when playing with toys based on TV shows. My sons, ages 9, 6 and 3, are fans of G.I. Joe, Transformers and Voltron and own some of the toys. They spend hours creating their own versions of

3 BOOKS, 3 BUCKS. NO COMMITMENT. NO KIDDING.



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Letters

stories, using wooden blocks, paper sacks, bedroom furniture and whatever else is not tied down. Certainly children's TV could be improved, but some adults overestimate its negative influence.

Liane T. Fenimore
Bexley, Ohio

Dr. J Is O.K.

Tom Callahan's splendid article on Julius ("Dr. J") Erving (SPORT, Dec. 22) reminded me how fortunate my fellow Long Islanders and I were to have witnessed this dynamic yet graceful basketball player when he was a member of the New York Nets. Too bad Erving was traded to Philadelphia when the Nets moved to New Jersey. We lost two treasures in the same year.

James A. McNamara
New Rochelle, N.Y.

With all the sports articles highlighting death, drugs and corruption, it is encouraging that there are still players with real talent and humility. Dr. J is a man to look up to and one of the few professional sports figures with real class.

Mary Kazmierzak
Newtown Square, Pa.

Mixed Messages

In the item "Birth Control, Self-Control" (NATION, Dec. 22), you reported that the National Academy of Sciences endorsed making contraceptives and abortion available to teenagers through the schools. The academy went on to say teens are not likely to heed advice to remain celibate. It is no wonder, when impressionable youngsters are exposed to advertising that sends not so subtle sexual messages. Before we turn the home-economics room into an abortion clinic, I suggest that the media consider the long-range implications of the sexually saturated material that is bombarding teenagers daily.

Gale F. Guyer, Principal
Deer Creek Junior High School
University Park, Ill.

TV's Quiet Maestro

Hurrah for your article on Newhart (VIDEO, Dec. 22), the funniest, least gimmicky and most unpretentious comedy series on the air. Bob Newhart and his gifted crew deserve more laurels than they have received thus far. May this season bring them some long-overdue Emmys to complement their show's well-deserved ascent in the ratings.

Susan K. Fong
Las Vegas

Check local listings for station and time.

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American Scene

In New York City: An Incantation

The Sunday before we moved to Sod-
om, I went with my daughter to a
church, a sweet little Methodist church in
the Blue Ridge Mountains. Except to
mark an occasional death I have not been
much of a churchgoer lately, but on this
Sabbath my girl Whitney was to sing solo,
and I felt drawn to a front pew, aisle. I am
happy to report she did herself and her
old man proud, and I carried the memory
of her lovely performance with me to the

there is a lot of bullying going down in this town, my new home, and one must strive
not to be caught without a device to ease
the pressure gathering under the hood.
Lead on, o kinky turtle. The first time I
invoked the expression was on the George
Washington Bridge. At a quarter past
one, I was 20 miles from the Hudson River.
At half past three, I was across.

I am not new to New York—I moved
here first in 1966, second in 1976 and now



Returning to New York: In the city's lovely canyons lurk strains on patience and pocketbook

city (she stayed on to see to her schooling) as well as something the preacher said. At one point in his sermon—and here I must confess to an annoying lifelong lapse: I have trouble tracking sermons, and I could swear I heard someone say this one was taken from the *Book of Macadamia Nuts*—the pastor said, "Now we shall all rise and sing hymn No. 508, *Lead On, O Kinky Turtle*." At that, my fellow parishioners fell to mumbling. The good reverend then blushed crimson and admitted that title stuck in his head because his own child called it that. Recovering his composure, to say nothing of his solemnity, our guide next instructed us to stand and "sing hymn No. 508, *Lead On, O King Eternal*."

Well, in the days since, the phrase lead on, o kinky turtle has assumed a profound significance in the course of my wanderings. I use it in a kind of incantatory fashion, muttering "lead on, o kinky turtle" whenever I feel shorted, stiffed, put upon by outside forces. I keep it handy, as you would a rabbit's foot, for

third, a symmetrical ten years after that. But I bring with me this time a condition I did not have before. I have age. I am a grumpie, a gray, upwardly mobile professional (although, silly me, during the last absence from the city I forgot to make a zillion dollars, the requisite for settling in today). Less amused, and no doubt less amusing, I no longer suffer everyday brutalities in stride; hence the need for the incantation. Of course, to be fair, any period of adjustment is rough on the nerves. It gets all the more complicated when you find yourself running short on patience and long on temper—a consequence of having age. And if you don't cut yourself some slack somewhere in this stretch, you may overhear a relative phoning the guys in the white jackets, Maestro, eight bars of some "for instance" music, please.

Since I last poked around the block, a pernicious gouge called key money has come into vogue. By this practice, anyone vacating a flat can charge the first sucker in line for it any price the market will bear, and the market will bear a lot. Also



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called fixture money (this rationalization has you buying the present tenant's improvements, such as the flakes on the floor that used to be the paint on the ceiling), it is quite illegal, done entirely off the books, and you, made a felon by the simple act of trying to rent an apartment, will spend your first weeks denying to kith and kin, and to your own soul in the dead of night, that you were robbed. In my case, after agonizing to a no-nonsense decision (these are my funds, and I'll be a better man to be rid of them), the deal fell through. At the eleventh hour the fellow moving out demanded I join him in litigation against the landlord, an order that had to be satisfied before I could move in. Even I have limits. I drew the line at suing for shelter.

And walked round the corner to sign on with a new plastic high-rise. In four months, I calculated last evening, I will have paid more in rent than my father paid for his home way back when. The very dollhouse-size room in which I stood totting my sums costs \$19.72 a day, my arithmetic machine told me, just before the aneurysm formed. I happened to be in the kitchen, working on the top of my toy refrigerator, at the time. I think possibly it would be unbearable to know the living room's per diem.

Just now, a print Peeping Tom to whom I am quite close looked over my shoulder and said, "Oh, cut it out, you dope. You moved here. If you don't get around to a kind word soon, everyone will think you're an idiot."

I like the blue light in Gotham's canyons this time of year. I like the cab driver I had the other day. Passing a bank that was giving away blankets to new depositors, he recalled that a bank had once given him a toaster. One morning he popped in his bread and padded off to shower. The toaster caught fire. "You get a toaster in an appliance store, it catches fire, you take it back. I *defy* you to try taking a toaster back to a bank!"

And I would like to have a telephone. My second day here. I waited hours for the installer, who never showed. Leaving for work, I found my building's employees doing picket duty on the sidewalk. The doorman, wearing a sandwich board and thoroughly on strike, told me he had sent my installer away. "He's a good union man," he said. So apparently is everyone else at the phone company.

"Hey," the doorman went on, "do me a favor. Call the landlord and complain."

"Hey," I shot back, getting the hang of streetwise give and take. "I don't have a phone."

"Hey," my unfazed picket said, fishing in his pocket, "here's a quarter."

"Lead on, o kinky turtle," I said, accepting the coin and dumbfounding my interlocutor. I used to feel that I owned this town. With a knock 'em dead incantation like mine, who's to say I won't again?"

—By Gregory Jaynes

TIME JANUARY 12, 1987

The Last Battles

Hobbled by Iran, Reagan struggles to reassert his leadership

Ifall goes as his doctors have forecast, Ronald Reagan will return to the White House from Bethesda Naval Hospital at midweek—a month before his 76th birthday—ready to face the challenges of his last two years in office. But with how much energy and effectiveness? The answer depends only partly on the outcome of the colonoscopy and prostate surgery scheduled for the President early this week. Even if those procedures turn out to be as routine as predicted and Reagan once again demonstrates his remarkable powers of physical recuperation, he faces a daunting task of political recovery. Almost immediately, he will have to map

an agenda that might make the last quarter of his presidency something other than a period of lame-duck drift.

The job would be challenging for an untroubled Administration; it could prove insuperable for one embroiled in an Iran arms-*contra* funds scandal. For one thing, when the 100th Congress convenes this week, the Senate as well as the House will be controlled by opposition Democrats intent on pursuing their own agenda. But that difficulty pales before another: Reagan must try to reassert his leadership at a time when his own credibility and competence, and that of his staff, are being questioned as never before. The special investi-

gating committees of the Senate and House begin probing anew into Transcan this month; whatever they find, the President is unlikely to get much respite from a crisis that would sap the energy of the most vigorous Chief Executive.

It is possible, or so Administration optimists devoutly hope, that the crisis may actually prove helpful. The investigations, along with the need to deal with a Democratic Congress, just might bring out the pragmatist in a chastened President, causing him to listen to more moderate advisers and tilt toward compromises. But if he is to act rather than react, the President badly needs to put forward some



White House Crisis: Oliver North refusing to testify



Trade: Japanese steel is one reason for a huge deficit

Farm Policy: Subsidies and surplus are out of control

Arms Control: Gorbachev sent no TV greeting



bold new proposals. After six years in office, however, his Administration is showing telltale signs of creative burnout. Its early initiatives—cutting taxes, pressing deregulation and launching an expensive U.S. military buildup, for example—have been largely completed. White House strategists can think of very little that might restore a sense of drive and purpose. "We've accomplished a lot," says a staffer. "What's left is the merchandise that's harder to move."

The Reagan revolution "has pretty much run out of gas," proclaims Robert Byrd, majority leader of the newly Democratic Senate. A partisan comment, to be sure, but not very different from what the President's aides are saying. Early in December, the senior White House staff held strategy sessions to search for new domestic policy initiatives. "They could not seem to come up with anything," reports one participant. "Now that we desperately need to control the agenda, there is nothing left."

In foreign policy, the most dramatic ideas the President is hearing are dubious ones advanced by hard-liners. One group is urging that Reagan both announce he is moving toward early deployment of his Strategic Defense Initiative and greatly increase pressure on the Marxist Sandinistas in Nicaragua. The Central American initiative would mean asking for a

huge increase in U.S. aid to the *contra* rebels and assigning American ground troops to support the guerrillas. "That would focus public debate on something useful to the country," says one adviser.

It would also be a prescription for a bitter conflict with Capitol Hill that Reagan probably could not win. The Administration will have all it can do next month to persuade Congress to release the final 40% of the \$100 million in aid for the *contras* that it approved last year. The fear that Congress might cut off aid to punish the White House for slipping Iranian arms-sale profits to the *contras* has faded; reliable nose counters like Senate Republican Leader Robert Dole discern a majority in favor of continued help. But it is an extremely thin one—perhaps 51 to 49 in the Senate—and vulnerable to any change in the political winds.

Even with continued U.S. aid, the *contras* are unlikely to "liberate" any Nicaraguan territory. Administration realists foresee at best a long campaign of guerrilla harassment; they warn that the *contras*' ability to continue the fight depends on their retaining sanctuaries in an increasingly nervous Honduras. Says an American diplomat: "Since the Iran business blew up, we have felt a definite increase in the Hondurans' eagerness to see the *contras* somewhere else—either in Managua running the country or in New York and

Los Angeles waiting on tables, but out of Honduras."

Should the *contras* be defeated in battle or expelled from Honduras, or both, Reagan's strategists see the bleakest of choices. Some warn that the U.S. might have to consider an American invasion of Nicaragua in the year ahead. The alternative would be an unsatisfactory political settlement with the Sandinistas. Some strategists sound as if they are not quite sure which would be worse.

In any event, Central America is not the place to look for a foreign policy success that would repair the damage of Irancon. That could come only from an arms-control agreement. Says a White House official: "There is a feeling around here, heightened by the Iran business, that Soviet-American relations and arms control are the only game in town."

It is, however, a game with most uncertain prospects. Mikhail Gorbachev and his chief Americanologist, Georgi Arbatov, have been talking of Soviet eagerness to negotiate arms reduction. Arbatov, on a December visit to Washington, went so far as to hint about a compromise on SDI that would permit a vigorous research-and-development program, prohibiting only advanced, large-scale testing that could lead to quick deployment. However, such remarks may be intended partly to intensify pressure on Reagan to make a deal—and intensify criticism if he does not. Gorbachev's refusal to repeat the televised New Year greetings that he and Reagan beamed at each other's countries at the start of 1986 was a reminder that the Kremlin is not counting on a breakthrough this year.

Meanwhile, the President has shown no sign of demanding the agreement within his own Administration that must precede a new approach to the Kremlin. To the contrary, a distracted President has permitted what looks like a movement away from arms control. Two signs: 1) The Pentagon is pushing for \$115 million in extra funds to develop a huge space vehicle that could launch Star Wars hardware into orbit. One Administration official interprets the move as a "signal that we have to get on with SDI before arms control is allowed to get in the way." 2) Having already deliberately exceeded one of the unratified SALT II limits on nuclear weapons by equipping more B-52 bombers with cruise missiles, the Administration is proceeding with construction of radar installations in England and Greenland and other programs that raise questions about U.S. compliance with the Anti-Ballistic Missile treaty as well.

On the domestic policy front, Reagan's advisers have been hamstrung by the overriding necessity to slash the budget deficit. They simply cannot propose anything that would cost much money. Thus, though the Administration is committed to some sort of proposal to help the elderly pay the cost of catastrophic illness, it may come up with a modest plan that would serve merely as a starting



Nation

point for Congress to write a more ambitious scheme.

Farm policy is likely to be the focus of one of the hottest fights on Capitol Hill. Reagan will again propose reductions in the subsidies that spiraled from \$4 billion in 1981 to nearly \$26 billion last year, along with a strict limit on payments to any one farmer. Democrats agree that subsidies and surpluses have got out of hand, but the approach some advocate is rigid, mandatory production controls that are anathema to the Administration.

The Administration will try to get ahead of protectionist sentiment in Congress by submitting its own trade bill this year. Two probable components: new assistance for workers who have lost their jobs because of import competition, and a relaxation of antitrust laws to make it easier for American companies to collaborate against foreign rivals. In addition, Reagan will ask for renewed authority to negotiate agreements aimed at opening foreign markets to American exports. These steps would take a long time to bring any measurable improvement in the gargantuan American trade deficit. Fundamentally, Administration spokesmen argue, the direct curbs on imports that some Democrats want are unnecessary as well as unwise. The trade deficit has flattened out and will begin to decline in 1987, they say, because of the falling value of the dollar. That argument was weakened by last week's figures: after dropping for three months, the trade deficit in November abruptly shot up to \$19.2 billion, by far the worst one-month figure ever.

On other matters, too, Reagan will face a newly powerful, and newly assertive, Democratic opposition. West Virginia's Byrd goes so far as to boast that the "leadership of the Senate is going to set the agenda, not the White House." That is questionable. On the key subject of trade, for example, the Democrats seem to have no clearer ideas than the Administration on what should be done. But there is a real danger of deadlock between a President unable to get his programs through Congress and Democrats incapable of overriding White House vetoes.

Complicating all calculations is the pressure of time. Though he will be in office two more years, Reagan really has at most twelve months in which to get his Administration moving again. Congressional Democrats, similarly, have only until the end of 1987 to answer the question that Byrd rightly poses for this year's legislative session: "Can the Democrats govern in the post-Reagan era?" By next January the 1988 presidential campaigns will be in full swing in both parties, and any new initiatives will have to be put on hold until after the election. Both Reagan and the Democrats in Congress need to get off to a solid start in the next few months. They have yet to give any real proof that they will, or even can, do so.

—By George J. Church.

Reported by David Beckwith/Palm Springs and Strobe Talbott/Washington

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Gulliver's Travails

Washington, as is so often the case, has turned the issue on its head. The capital question of the year, it seems, will be: What did Ronald Reagan do to create "Iranamuck"? Instead, the question should be: What is Reagan capable of doing now? At last count, nine separate and distinct committees, commissions, groups, gangs, panels, conclaves and councils had been set up to investigate one or all of the parts of the affair. That is a formidable force for anybody to face, even Ronald Reagan, he of monumental disdain for the catcalls from the galleries. The President might just decide to hell with it all and sleep late—er, sleep later.

Kidding aside, the fine edge of courage is honed by energy, exhilaration, adventure and the promise of applause. When does a man approaching 76, with various parts of his body needing repair, begin to sag under the burden of his years, to retreat from the prospect of emotional battering?

Richard Helms, the former CIA director and Ambassador to Iran, who counseled seven Presidents over three decades, noted how, sooner or later, "they all felt like Gulliver, bound down by a thousand regulations and laws and the fear of leaks whenever they tried to do anything quickly and secretly to prevent trouble." Then pretty soon, says Helms, they began to lose heart in a thousand small ways that diminished their leadership.

Helms contends that a President who finally is afraid to risk a Bay of Pigs, a Desert One or an Iranian arms deal will be reluctant to order a naval quarantine around Cuban missiles, recapture the hijacked ship *Mayaguez*, help the British in the Falklands or intercept the *Achille Lauro* terrorists. "In this game," says Helms, "some failure comes with the play. But we'd better not walk off the field."

By necessity, men of action in this difficult world must be gamblers of a sort, self-assured right up to the precipice of recklessness. Confabulations and confusions and conferences do not make heroes.

Before he took his abrupt leave as the President's National Security Adviser, Vice Admiral John Poindexter mused, "An activist President cannot be satisfied with the status quo. A President must have a way to develop bolder options." Even David Durenberger, who as head of the Senate Intelligence Committee has had his share of harsh things to say about Reagan's swashbuckling, asks, "How in the world [can] a President make and implement policy in a world in which we're trying to anticipate events, rather than confront them after they have occurred?"

Secrecy is almost always essential, risk inherent. Kennedy turned to the CIA in the Bay of Pigs. Reagan went even further out of sight and used his National Security Council staff. Both reaped a whirlwind when failure exposed their schemes. But the tidy techniques of shared confidences among the various branches of the Government, so favored by professors, are not well suited to the dark alleys of the globe where passions explode before a quorum can be called.

Up until now Ronald Reagan has relished the playing field of great power. The larger tragedy of the Iran arms deal could be that his heart has been wilted a bit, his eyes dimmed. The next time there seems to be an opportunity for swift, bold action to bolster America's cause in the world, the President may think first not of the glory but of the possible penalty, and he will go back to the fire and his memories.



Helms: "Failure comes with the play"



Smoke engulfs the beachfront Dupont Plaza



Rescue mission: a look of gratitude from a victim as she is placed on a stretcher

"A New Year We'll Never Forget"

Nearly 100 perish in a suspicious inferno at a San Juan hotel

In just a few hours, New Year's Eve festivities were to begin at the Dupont Plaza in San Juan. The hotel's 423 rooms were filled, and every table in the penthouse restaurant had been reserved. It would be, predicted Howard Puig, assistant manager of the hotel's disco, "the night of the year." On the mezzanine, gamblers were already crowding into the posh casino. Through the large picture windows they could see the pounding surf and a clear blue afternoon sky that seemed to bode well. As bettors hunched forward for yet another round of blackjack and croupiers gave the roulette wheels an added spin, there came a whisper: "Smoke." Nobody paid any attention.

Then, out of nowhere, thick black clouds and the crack of two or three explosions. "A ball of fire came through," said Croupier Susano Gonzalez Perez. "It blew open the door. People were trampled." Some raced toward the picture windows, grabbed chairs and hurled them through the thick plate glass, then jumped 30 ft. to the ground. Bathers near the pool where other survivors landed fled from the spray of shards. Many huddling near the casino's closed door, apparently unable to pry it open, died of smoke inhalation. Others farther inside perished immediately; rescue workers found their charred corpses sitting upright

in chairs around the blackjack tables. The terror did not end on the mezzanine. Smoke poured out of the lower floors and wrapped the 22-story building in a dense cloak. On the twelfth floor, Nancy Brenson, 12, of Cresskill, N.J., was watching a rerun of *The Carol Burnett Show* while her mother was taking a shower. "Suddenly the room went dark," she said. "I looked out and saw this cloud. My father said that it was probably rain. But he opened the balcony door, and smoke rushed in."

The Brensons ran for the stairwell, only to be met by other panicky guests and a thick wall of smoke. "We rushed back up," Brenson said. The family climbed onto the 20th-floor balcony that encircles the hotel. There three men helped lift them and others onto the top of the building. Throughout the late afternoon, six helicopters hovered in the

air, plucking survivors from the roof. By week's end the death toll had reached 95, and at least 106 people were injured. That made the Dupont Plaza inferno the second worst hotel fire in U.S. history, surpassed only by the Winecoff Hotel blaze in Atlanta in 1946, which killed 119. Most of the victims died in the casino, and the rest were found in hallways and rooms on the first four floors.

Days after the tragedy, investigators were still searching through the rubble, looking for clues about how the inferno started. Fire officials labeled the blaze suspicious and raised the possibility that it had been set by disgruntled union members engaged in a bitter wage dispute with the hotel. But the latest evidence, according to Puerto Rico Governor Rafael Hernández Colón, has led investigators to speculate that hotel security guards may have set the fire in an effort to discredit the union. Said Hernández Colón: "We suspect there may be arson because of the very tense labor situation that existed."

For the past few months, Teamsters Local 901 and the hotel, which is owned by Hotel Systems International, of Santa Monica, Calif., had been holding negotiations for a new contract. The union, which represents 290 of the hotel's 450 employees, had threatened to strike at midnight on Dec. 31 if its demands were not met. On the afternoon of the last day of the year, 200 or so union members met in the Dupont Plaza's ballroom for more than an hour and voted to allow their leaders to call a strike. "The next we know,"

The hotel's main floor, where charred bodies were found





A National Guard helicopter plucks tourists from the hotel's roof



Amid the smoke and palms, the sad work of the rescue teams continues

Nation

claimed Attorney Rudy Torruella, the hotel's negotiator, "is that immediately a fire broke out in the ballroom. In attempts to put out the fire by going through the kitchen door to the ballroom, hotel employees found that a door was barred, barricaded from the inside." Nonetheless, Torruella refused to speculate about who might have started the blaze. "I would prefer to speak just of facts. The fact is that the fire broke out in the ballroom."

Union officials angrily denied any role in the disaster. José Cadiz, Local 901's secretary and treasurer, pointed out that at least three union members had perished and offered a \$15,000 reward for information leading to the capture of arsonists, if indeed arson was involved. Though he acknowledged there had been tensions between union workers and the hotel, that was putting it mildly: since late December, the union had been airing spots on local radio stations urging people to stay away from the Dupont Plaza on New Year's Eve. Cadiz explained that the ads referred merely to a possible curtailment in services at the hotel. He also said that after the ballroom meeting ended, he remained confident that an agreement would be reached by midnight.

Most investigators agreed that the conflagration began in the ballroom under the mezzanine-level lobby and that

subsequent blasts, perhaps caused when the fire hit kitchen gas lines, propelled the flames up into the casino. There were unconfirmed reports that three explosive devices had been found. And in the days preceding the tragedy, several small suspicious fires had broken out.

Arson or accident, survivors complained bitterly about how the hotel had responded. According to eyewitnesses, no alarms were sounded and no public-address announcements were made. Survivors were also unhappy with evacuation procedures that were confused or nonexistent. Others said the gaming hall's manager had shut the casino's doors when smoke first wafted into the room. But Croupier David Corrasquillo argued that his boss had the doors closed to keep out smoke, not to keep in money. The manager, Santiago Torres, died in the blaze.

The Dupont Plaza had no sprinkler system; it is not required under local law. Puerto Rico is hardly alone in its failure to insist on the devices. In the U.S., guidelines vary greatly from city to city. Nevada, Florida and Massachusetts are the only states that make installation in all hotels mandatory. Governor Hernandez Colon has now promised to seek a law

directing the island's hotels to install sprinklers.

Fire fighters were hindered by the hotel's layout. Its extra-wide mezzanine and its ground floor, which accommodated the ballroom and two restaurants, made it difficult for trucks to get close enough to use their aerial ladders to rescue guests. According to Richard Henderson, a South Carolina chemist and arson expert, many hotels have adopted this design in recent years. "For those on the upper floors," Henderson said, "stairways are about the only shot they've got to get out."

The Dupont Plaza fire is likely to have other, more mundane repercussions. This winter's season was expected to be the best since Puerto Rico's tourist industry went into decline about a decade ago, and the island's officials fear that vacationers will now stay away. "This is the first time we have had such a tragedy," said San Juan Mayor Baltasar Corraza del Rio. "I am sure that tourists will not allow this sort of thing to have an impact."

Perhaps. But the scenes of blood and bodies and panic will be etched forever in the minds of those who witnessed or survived the horror. As the rescue operation progressed into the night, New Year's Eve celebrants from nearby hotels, wearing party hats that looked strangely forlorn, wandered by the Dupont Plaza. Standing in water from the fire fighters' hoses, they stared at the blackened hotel. The next morning Monsignor Thomas Maisonet came to give the dead the last rites. "It's such a terrible mess in there," he said as he departed. "It is not easy to tell what is debris and what is human remains." And Pat Lo Grasso of Lodi, N.J., who was staying at the hotel, will remember screaming for her children and crying until she found them. "This is a New Year we'll never forget," she said as she headed home.

—By Amy Wilentz.

Reported by Bernard Diederich/San Juan



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Nation

Plutonium Blues in Hanford

An aging reactor closes temporarily, but the debate heats up

Every time it happens it seems a bit like the beginning of doomsday. And it happened again at 6 p.m. last Sunday: an alarm shrilled, lights flashed in the control room. A monitor was signaling that the water cooling the plutonium-producing N reactor at Hanford, Wash., had dropped below acceptable levels. Shutdown!

Just a few hours after the Hanford reactor turned itself off last week, the authorities knew there had been a false alarm. "It was a faulty monitor," said Steven Irish, a spokesman for U.N.C. Nuclear Industries, which operates the reactor. "There wasn't a low-flow problem." And so, on Monday evening, technicians started "pulling rods" as the first step in starting the machine up again. Not for long, though. This week the N reactor, which produces nearly one-third of all U.S. plutonium, will be shut off again, for at least six months, for a long-overdue safety overhaul. Washington Governor Booth Gardner says he is "pleased" with the move, as are local environmentalists. But some citizens, already worried by the October closing of two smaller plutonium plants at Hanford, are concerned about the prospective loss of jobs (Hanford employs 14,300 people in all). "Business all over the place is slowing down," says Lisa Klempe, 35, a bartender at the Big Y Tavern in Richland, 20 miles from Hanford. "People are out of money. They're thinking of moving away. I can't blame them."

The first Hanford reactor was built in 1943, amid the remote sand and sagebrush near the juncture of the Snake and Columbia rivers, to provide plutonium for the bomb destined to destroy Nagasaki. The N reactor (its predecessors have all gone to their last great fission in the sky) dates back 23 years—and was designed to last only 20. The parts are worn, the pumps and wiring often fail, the whole reactor creaks out 20 to 25 times a year. The graphite casing that holds the nuclear rods is swelling by nearly an inch a year, and will collide with the overhead shielding by the middle of the next decade. Yet since Hanford is a federally owned weapons maker, it is not subject to the safety standards that the Government imposed on commercial nuclear plants.

The explosion at the Soviet nuclear plant in Chernobyl last April sent a shudder through the Hanford authorities. The

Washington facility is the only U.S. government-owned nuclear plant that uses graphite, as Chernobyl did, to control the atomic reaction. Also, Hanford is one of the few U.S. nuclear plants that, like Chernobyl, do not have a protective dome to prevent the release of accidental radiation. The Department of Energy appointed a commission to re-evaluate Hanford's safety, and the panel declared last month that an accident like the Chernobyl explosion was impossible. It added, however, that the reactor should be shut down temporarily for a \$50 million series of alterations to "upgrade and enhance the safety of the reactor."

At the same time, an internal auditor for Rockwell International, one of eight



Fuel-loading room and plant exterior
Powerless amid the sand and sagebrush.

contractors involved in running the plant, charged that there had been 54 critical safety lapses over the past two years at the two plants that provided fuel for the reactor. The worst of these occurred on Sept. 29, when workmen moving plutonium liquid from one container to another failed to shut off some adjoining pipes—an oversight that could have led to a chain reac-

tion. The Government closed both plants in early October.

While officials were trying to organize remedies for these safety lapses, they were bedeviled by rumors that workmen at Hanford sometimes indulged in cocaine and marijuana. Local investigators discovered, among other things, that a number of employees had had their security clearance revoked for drug use during the past two years. But Assistant U.S. Attorney Frank Wilson contends that charges of drug abuse have been grossly overblown.

Apart from questions about Hanford's future production, the authorities still confront the problem of what to do with radioactive nuclear wastes both at Hanford and elsewhere. Across the U.S. some 15,000 tons of the poisonous stuff are stored in aging containers by various utility companies; some 1,400 tons more are added every year. Congress thought it had solved the question, more or less, by deciding in 1982 that the Department of Energy would pick one gigantic burial site in the West (where there is more empty space) and one in the East (where most of the waste is produced). When DOE announced its favorite sites last spring, there was a great uproar from every area chosen for the honor; DOE then placated the East (and enraged the West) by announcing that one Western site holding 70,000 tons would be all it needed for the time being.

But which of DOE's three choices should be selected? Texans didn't want the site in Deaf Smith County. Nevadans didn't want it at Yucca Mountain, and Washingtonians particularly didn't want it at Hanford. In fact 84% of Washington voters took that view in a referendum last November. A key reason: Hanford is only five miles from the Columbia River, so any leakage might find its way downstream to Portland. Opponents of the plan charge that Washington is basing its choice on political grounds. The U.S. already owns the 570-sq.-mi. Hanford site, and most of the local citizens favor the nuclear industry as the basis for their jobs. Even this traditional view is changing, however. It was recently learned that dangerous quantities of iodine gases had leaked from the Hanford reactors during the 1940s and that 500,000 gal. of nuclear toxins have leaked into the ground from storage tanks over the years. Those revelations, coupled with the plant's more recent problems, are giving pause to even the most diehard Hanford supporters.

—By Otto Friedrich.
Reported by Cristina Garcia/Hanford

Let Us Entertain You

The competition is on to bag the 1988 conventions

 Kansas City's civic leaders could hardly contain their excitement. They escorted their unsuspecting guests to the Bartle Hall convention complex, which had most recently been host to the National Water Well Association, paused, then dramatically parted a thin blue curtain. Behind it, a Democratic Convention was in boisterous progress.

Wearing campaign boaters and waving state-delegation signs, nearly 2,000 local volunteers hollered and whooped. Red, white and blue balloons dropped from the ceiling as a band played *Happy Days Are Here Again*. On the giant podium, a Harry Truman impersonator gave a rousing speech nominating Kansas City as the location for the 1988 Democratic Convention. One member

sense 21-person team has already narrowed the list to Atlanta, New Orleans and Kansas City. (The Republicans will announce their choice first, and the city they select will be obliged to withdraw its offer to the Democrats.) With spouses and party hangers-on, the Democratic delegation often swells to considerably more than 100. Deficit-ridden New Orleans had to ask the Democrats to delay their visit because it could not scrape together the funds to provide the necessary lavish entertainment for the Democratic horde. "Twenty Republicans came down and got their work done," groused a New Orleans official. "The Democrats want to send down 120 people and party for three days."

Small wonder. Inspecting convention sites is the most popular perk in Democratic politics. Limousines pick



Whooping it up: mock delegates in Kansas City; Uncle Sam in Houston

Limousines, quiche and grits, and a Harry Truman impersonator.

of the site-selection committee dabbed her eyes. "This is amazing," a stunned Democratic Party Chairman Paul Kirk quietly told his beaming hosts. "I've never seen anything like it."

Kansas City's mock convention was one of the more elaborate displays of civic boosterism in the rivalry to win the right to play host to the Democrats in 1988, but other eager cities have been working hard to upstage it. A Democratic Convention can bring at least 30,000 people and more than \$25 million to a city—plus priceless prestige and publicity. Until late this month, when the winner will be selected, Atlanta, Kansas City, Houston, New Orleans, Washington and New York City will be polishing themselves to theme-park perfection.

The Republicans are busily scouting for a site of their own. But their no-non-

up committee members at the airport. Sirens wailing, police motorcades escort them from location to location, local traffic jammed. Sometimes the visit turns into a kind of Main Street Club Med: giddy committee members rode a riverboat up the Potomac, sipped champagne on an antique-locomotive ride to the Truman Library in Independence, Mo., and donned balloon hats and leis to feast on pork and lobster at a Texas luau.

The airfare, hotel rooms, sumptuous meals and gifts (everything from barbecue sauce to bathrobes) are provided by the host community. In addition, the finalists are expected to raise a total of nearly \$1 million for the Democratic National Committee (D.N.C.) war chest before the winning city is picked. The

victor will be encouraged to raise at least another \$1 million when the convention takes place. City leaders ruefully refer to the donations as "ransom money."

Atlanta, Houston and New Orleans probably have an inside track because the party would like to renew its old ties with the South. Atlanta pitched itself as the birthplace of the "New South," mixing a ride on the city's modern subway with mint juleps, barbecue and country music in an antebellum mansion at Stone Mountain. Atlanta turned Native Son Jimmy Carter, not the most popular figure in the Democratic Party, into an asset. The highlight of the trip turned out to be a VIP tour of the Carter Presidential Center, after which the former President treated the committee to a quiche-and-grits brunch.

Nouveau-poor Houston had to persuade wary committee members that it still has plenty of money. Although its new convention hall is not yet completed, Developer Joe Russo offered to take out a \$5 million policy with Lloyd's of London payable to the D.N.C. if the hall is not finished on time. The city also promised to arrange a Leonard Bernstein benefit concert for the convention, but members seemed just as impressed with another cultural landmark—they kept buses and motorcades waiting half an hour while they shopped at Neiman-Marcus.

Kansas City boosters countered the cosmopolitan claims of the competition by stressing the advantages of the more tranquil Midwest. Over cocktails at a Mission Hills mansion, Mark Russell, a Kansas City developer, gently assured Democrats, "We don't have race riots here, we don't have crazies, and all our cabdrivers speak English."

The longest shots are Washington and New York City. Mayor Marion Barry's argument that the party and the press could save \$9 million by staying home in the nation's capital left most people cold. New York was host to both the 1976 and 1980 conventions, but boasts experience and last summer's Liberty Weekend as proof that it is possible for visitors to get through four days in Gotham without getting insulted, mugged or worse.

New Orleans had been an early favorite. It has a wealth of new hotels stretching from the Superdome to the French Quarter, a redeveloped riverfront, and is seen by many as the best place to party. But its request for a delay may have hurt its chances. "If they can't get it together for one lousy little weekend," complained one committee member, "how are they going to pull off a convention?" The rival cities couldn't have been more pleased.

By Alessandra Stanley



COVER STORY

“Be Careful Out There”

As air traffic soars, so does concern about safety in the skies



Nation

The Northwest DC-10 was speeding toward takeoff at Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport when the warning came from the flight engineer: "There's a whale on the runway!" Another Northwest wide-bodied DC-10 had just left a taxiway and poked its nose into the path of the oncoming plane. "I see it," replied the amazingly cool captain of the departing aircraft. He abruptly jerked his jumbo jet into the air. His wing cleared the fuselage of the crossing plane by a mere 50 ft. There were 501 people on the two jets. They had barely avoided what would have been the world's second worst air disaster, akin to the 1977 collision of two Boeing 747s that killed 582 people on a fog-shrouded runway at Tenerife in the Canary Islands.

What went wrong under clear skies at Minneapolis last March 31? Two air-traffic controllers, sitting side by side in the terminal tower, each failed to realize what the other had done. One had cleared the taxiing plane to cross the runway. The other had told the second plane to roll toward takeoff.

Whether on the ground or in the air, the high-speed collision of two aircraft is every pilot's worst fear. Yet each day in the U.S. the worry grows. "Near midairs," the safety experts' term for when two planes come dangerously close to each other in the air, are increasing at an alarming rate: 311 in 1982, 475 in 1983, 589 in 1984, 777 in 1985, at least 812 in 1986. Commercial airliners were involved in 35% of the 1986 incidents. What the air-travel industry too gently calls "runway incursions" are also on the rise: 102 in 1985 and an estimated 112 last year.

"Hell, every week that goes by, it's almost accepted as a common event, a near midair!" complains Captain Hank Duffy, the outspoken head of the 39,000-member Air Line Pilots Association (ALPA). Says Duffy: "Near midairs, runway incursions, delays—every indicator in the system says that we're hanging by our fingernails."

In a candid memo to United Airlines pilots last month, Captain Lloyd W. Barry, United's senior vice president for flight operations, warned, "I am increasingly concerned about the ever present threat of a midair collision. Within the last twelve months, United crews have averaged 6.3 near-misses per month. Any of these incidents could have resulted in a catastrophe had it not been for the professional skill of our pilots or, in some cases, just plain good luck."

On alert at O'Hare: air-traffic controllers survey rows of jettliners at Chicago's airport

The close calls in the sky are by far the most worrisome trend in the nation's overburdened, understaffed air-safety system. The chilling reality of what can happen when luck turns sour was illustrated last Aug. 31 over Cerritos, Calif., when an Aeromexico DC-9 and a private Piper aircraft collided in the congested "birdcage" of controlled airspace around Los Angeles International Airport, killing 82 people. Many aviation experts like Duffy fear that what is still one of the safest air-transportation systems in the world is slipping dangerously as air traffic grows relentlessly through the unfettered competition of deregulation. The experts voice three major concerns:

► "There are not enough controllers, and too many of them have a low experience level," claims John Galipault, president of the Aviation Safety Institute, a private foundation in Ohio. The number of controllers is down from 16,300 to 14,700 since President Reagan fired striking members of the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization (PATCO) in 1981; more significantly, only 62% of them are qualified at "full performance level," vs. 80% before the strike. United Airlines Captain Mel Hoggland declares bluntly, "The air-traffic-control system is at the ragged edge of coming unraveled for lack of fully qualified controllers."

► "We have a lessening of the experience level of flight crews," contends Jim Burnett, chairman of the highly respected National Transportation Safety Board, which investigates civil aviation accidents. The number of hours the average airline pilot has spent in jetliners has dropped from 2,234 in 1983 to 818 in 1985. "The demand for pilots is high, and the supply is going down," observes NTSB member John Lauber. "The carriers are getting closer to the FAA minimum training standards."

► Some of the most economically troubled airlines are deferring maintenance whenever possible, and a few have been heavily fined by the FAA for violating safety standards. The impact of these varied trends, says Patricia Goldman, vice chairman of the NTSB, is that there is a "narrowed

margin of safety."

Most of the critics cite the 1978 deregulation of airline competition as the villain in this erosion of confidence in the system. While deregulation has reduced fares and opened air travel to enormous numbers of new passengers, the era of do-or-die rate-cutting competition has pressured carriers to slash costs and take risks. No one claims that safety rules have been relaxed. Indeed, the vast majority of controllers, pilots and federal inspectors are working hard and competently to avoid accidents. But, says Jerome Lederer, founder of the private Flight Safety Foun-



Crash scene at Cerritos





When mistakes pile up: the Galaxy crash at Reno occurred mainly because the crew mistook a thumping door for an engine problem

dation, "from now on the problem will be to discern who is obeying the rules. When passenger safety vs. profits is involved, these are questions of conscience." One pilot, speaking anonymously, sums up what he perceives as the all too common attitude in airline executive suites: "It's a business. Make the buck and take the chance."

Yet all the gloom overlooks an important bottom-line statistic: 1986 was among the safest ever for U.S. air travel. There was not a single fatality among the large American carriers even though they flew a record 6.2 million flights. That is a remarkable turnaround from the previous year, which set a worldwide high of 1,835 airline fatalities, 526 of them on U.S. car-

riers. For all of civil aviation, including airline, business and private flying, 1985 was dismal: 2,773 accidents that caused 1,231 deaths in the U.S. alone. For 1986 the number of U.S. accidents fell to an estimated 2,580, with 860 fatalities.

To Donald Engen, the Federal Aviation administrator, this reversal in fatalities is what really matters in air safety. "I can't deal with somebody claiming that 'the margin of safety has decreased,'" says Engen. "I deal with real facts, the accidents in hundreds of thousands of hours flown. These rates are continuing to go down. It happened in 1986 because we made it happen." Indeed, the number of fatal accidents in U.S. civil aviation in 1986 was 1.09 for each 100,000 hours flown, a

decrease from 1.2 in the year before.

The FAA's vigilance in policing shoddy maintenance practices led the Government agency to ground 61 commuter and air-taxi carriers for varying periods (some permanently) in 1986, as well as 60 the year before. In its most spectacular gesture, the FAA in March fined Eastern Air Lines \$9.5 million for 78,372 alleged safety and maintenance violations. Pan Am has been jolted by FAA fines of \$2 million, while American was assessed \$1.5 million.

Not everyone agrees, however, that the decrease in fatalities last year stemmed from better management by the FAA or anyone else. "Our emphasis on safe operations has given us an incredible skein of good luck," observes William Jackman, vice president of the Air Transport Association, the airlines' trade group. "We've got to be the luckiest industry in the world."

And while ALPA's Duffy views Engen as "one of the best administrators we have ever worked with," he disagrees with the FAA boss on a key point. "You don't judge how the system is operating by the number of accidents," Duffy says. "The indicators predict where the accidents are going. When you are having more near mid-air, well, it's just a matter of time before two planes will slam together, as they did at Cerritos."

The most severe critics of the air safety system are the airline pilots, who, it has often been noted, are the first to arrive at the scene of an air accident. A survey of ALPA's members in September showed not only that midair collisions are the pilots' biggest concern but that 66% of them feel that the problems of air-traffic control are more serious than the public real-



Congestion: planes large and small crowd California's Orange County airport

Nation

ries. In the opinion of 43% of pilots, deregulation has had an adverse effect on airline safety. Declares Pilot David Linsley, a 20-year veteran at United: "The system is not as safe as it used to be, not as safe as it should be, not as safe as it could be and not as safe as it will be—or the pilots will shut it down."

American Flight 557 approached Chicago's O'Hare on Oct. 31. As it descended from 10,000 ft., a single-engine Cessna suddenly appeared ahead of it and passed just 300 ft. below and a mile to one side. Snapped the startled American pilot: "Center, did you just have an aircraft pass us in the opposite direction?" Controller: "I have an old track I don't see . . . there, target's back up now. I'm sorry about that." Pilot: "Well, that was very, very close."

Certainly, one reason for the increase in near midairs is that air traffic has soared under deregulation. Flying accounts for nearly 90% of all interstate travel; the annual number of airline passengers has jumped from 292 million in 1978 to 415 million last year. The number of airlines, including cargo, express mail and charter service, increased from 150 to about 400, and the roster of passenger carriers grew by 97 (to 157). The FAA offers another explanation for the rising number of near midairs: its reporting system has improved. In 1983 the FAA began installing what controllers and pilots call a "snitch" alarm system. Aircraft now move across a controller's green radar screen as a blip of light in the middle of a round white "halo" or "doughnut," representing an area that has a diameter of five miles. The aim of the controllers is to "keep green" between the doughnuts. Whenever two circles begin to intersect, indicating that two planes have violated the horizontal separation standard of five miles, an alarm sounds, the doughnuts flash and a teletype clacks out the incriminating data. The controller must file a report on the incident, as must the pilot if he is suspected of being at fault. Anyone found responsible can be suspended from duty.

The automatic snitch may make it appear that the skies are growing more dangerous because more reports are being filed. In the past, say some pilots, regional offices of the FAA often failed to pass near-miss reports along to Washington because they wanted to tell their bosses only what headquarters wanted to hear: that the system is safe.

Critics counter that the FAA's stricter reporting system may just be catching up to the frightening reality in the skies. Moreover, the FAA has loosened another requirement: until 1985 planes that passed within 1,000 ft. of each other vertically were considered too close, and the incident had to be reported; now the vertical-separation standard is just 500 ft.

Under an accurate system, this change should produce fewer, not more, close-call reports. Some pilots object to this reduction in the near-miss distance, noting that if two airliners are six miles apart but headed toward each other at 550 m.p.h., they could collide in 20 seconds.

There are indications that some controllers may be cheating the snitch system to avoid the burden of paperwork and explanations. The FAA investigated a near miss on Feb. 16 between a Sky West Airlines flight and a private Beech Bonanza near Santa Barbara, Calif. The planes had come within five miles, but the snitch was not triggered. The investigators discovered that a controller had dropped the Bonanza from his screen in the belief that there was no real chance of a collision despite the proximity of the two aircraft. This action, reported the FAA, "disabled the computer's ability to recognize the conflict."

Some pilots object to the snitch alarm as a superfluous electronic Big Brother, but few approve of controllers defeating the system. Charges a veteran American Airlines captain: "Dropping a plane from the screen is playing fast and loose with human life to avoid being pinpointed for a mistake. It's unconscionable."

Such self-protective steps presumably are rare, but there is little doubt that the nation's air controllers are straining to handle their workload. A survey by the Government's General Accounting Office last March produced some disturbing findings: an overwhelming 91% of controllers complained that the system does not have enough qualified controllers, 70% reported that they handle more traffic in peak periods than they should be required to accept, 69% claimed that their heavy workloads adversely affect air safety. In the fiscal year before the 1981 strike, controllers put in 377,000 hours of overtime; in 1985 they worked an extra 90,000 hours.

Moreover, the controllers are not optimistic about the immediate future. More than half rated the quality of training for new controllers as either "less than adequate" or "poor." The GAO discovered that the top of the controller hierarchy is aging and restive. Of 450 supervisors in the survey, 75% said they hope to retire within a year. "A lot of us are tired, overworked, stressed and demoralized," explained one veteran.

Some of the rank-and-file controllers have started procedures to establish a new union to replace PATCO, which was smashed in the 1981 strike. The Administration's dismissal of 11,500 strikers, although politically popular, is still hotly argued from a safety standpoint. Claims Ray Brown, an ALPA executive and air-safety consultant, about the Administration: "Instead of listening to the message, it killed the messenger. Now the message has resurfaced because the new people are expressing the same problems."

One example of the manpower problem is the situation at the Chicago Air Route Traffic Control Center in Aurora, Ill., which handles an airspace that includes O'Hare, one of the world's busiest airports. On paper, the center has more controllers than its authorized strength of 350. But only 183 have reached full-performance-level status. Where it was once standard for controllers to be at their positions for only four of the eight hours in a shift, the norm at Aurora is now six. Coupled with mandatory overtime, this pace, contends one Aurora controller, "is burning most of us out."

The ATC computer systems, many of them 20 years old, are also burning out. The Aurora control center lost a backup computer on Aug. 3, and while it was being repaired, the main computer went down for nearly four minutes on Aug. 4 and for an hour on Aug. 5. A control center in Albuquerque was knocked out for



Holiday travelers at O'Hare: the airlines flew 415 million passengers last year



The man-made constellation: close-up of a controller's approach screen in Atlanta



Eyes on the scope in Palmdale, Calif.

40 minutes on Nov. 6. The busy Washington center lost all its radar and computers for 20 minutes on Nov. 29. When this happens, pilots have no choice but to fall back on "see and avoid" flying practices. But that is sometimes difficult to do in today's instrument-filled "glass cockpits," which require pilots to keep their heads down much of the time. Flights are diverted to open airports and long delays develop. At the New York area radar facility on Long Island—which controls Kennedy, La Guardia and Newark airports—one controller says, there is "some sort of equipment breakdown two or three times a month" during which "everybody scrambles into high gear."

The pressure on controllers can vary from place to place. A few in low-traffic regions or in centers that are adequately staffed contend that they fight boredom rather than stress. That was not at all true of a frantic controller at the Los Angeles center at Palmdale, who, according to one airline captain, announced on a smoggy day: "There is more traffic than I can point out to you. Please be careful out there."

While relations between controllers and pilots usually remain professionally courteous, there are subtle tensions between the two groups. Christine West, a controller hired just after the strike, works in the New York radar-control facility. West is proud that "we do pretty close to twice the amount of work with half the staffing we had before the strike." But she is critical of many pilots. "We have their lives in our hands, but they relate to us like we were the enemy," she says. "It can be stressful when you're taking insults on a frequency and you have to be professional and cannot explain your reasons for doing something."

Keith Morris, another controller at the same center, complains that pilots talk too often on their radios and do not

listen carefully to the controllers. When any pilot close to a control center presses his mike button, it blocks other nearby flight crews from hearing the controller. "It is not unusual to sit on a radar position and have a pilot respond that he's blocked over and over again," says Morris. "Radio discipline has become atrocious."

Pilots have beefs about the controllers. Contends Duffy: "Our pilots make calls to controllers and nobody answers. You can tell when one is under strain when his supervisor comes in and overrides him. More controllers are making errors. They are often fatigued. We just don't want to be handled by tired controllers." The basic problem, in the view of Delta Airlines Pilot Joseph Dorsey, is that "there are too many new people on both ends of that radio."

On Sept. 23, 1985, a Henson Airlines Beech commuter plane missed Shenandoah Valley Airport in Virginia by six miles as it tried to land through clouds and fog. The crash killed the two crew members and all twelve passengers. The NTSB investigation blamed navigational errors by the crew. But it cited a list of contributing factors: the cockpit was so noisy that the captain and first officer had either to shout or to use hand signals to communicate; both were relatively inexperienced; and Henson's training in its aircraft, which have differing instrument layouts, was inadequate. The crew members, who had flown together only twice before, were undergoing personal tensions that may have created stress. The captain, 27, was about to be married and was awaiting a job interview with Eastern Air Lines; the first officer, 26, had been with Henson only two months, duty that took her away from her husband, and she was planning further examination of a lump in one breast.

Veteran airline pilots may be even more critical of the lack of experience among some of their younger flying brethren (and, increasingly, sisters). A generation of crack pilots trained in military transport and combat aircraft is fading into retirement. According to the Aviation Safety Institute, only 40% of today's pilots came out of the military. Yet the demand for more top-rated airline pilots keeps rising. Their ranks, which have been growing steadily during the past few years, now number greater than 81,000. More pilots and fewer fully qualified controllers, says a senior captain at United, is a "prescription for catastrophe."

The expanding number of pilots is exacting a price at some airlines, especially the feeders, which are requiring less experience and lower qualifications than they did in the past. Newcomers are being promoted from the flight engineer's chair to the right-hand seat (the first officer's) and then to the left seat (the captain's) after logging fewer flying hours. "The apprenticeship system doesn't exist anymore," claims ALPA's Duffy. Three major airlines—United, American and Piedmont—are for the first time hiring pilots who are pas: the age of 50.

In the tight market, pilots searching for higher pay often jump from the smaller to the larger airlines and from one type of aircraft to another. Crews have less time to learn to work together. Caught at the bottom of this turnover spiral are the commuter airlines. Henson Airlines, based in Salisbury, Md., for example, lost 54 of its 195 pilots in 1985.

"The place where you are going to see the system break down first is the commuter airline," says Pete Pedigrew, a captain with Pacific Southwest. Tony Levier, an industry-safety expert, is in agreement. "A lot of these airlines are operating on shoestrings. They may



meet the FAA regulations on paper but not in reality." On some commuter flights, both cockpit seats may be occupied by inexperienced officers. That, too, observes John Lauber of NTSB, "can be a lethal combination."

On the large airliners, passengers have another reason to be uneasy. After studying 30 cockpit flight-crew members, Dr. Martin Moore-Ede, a professor at the Harvard Medical School, discovered that on long high-altitude flights, the cockpit crew is sometimes asleep. The pilots, copilots, and navigators he interviewed admitted that they have either nodded off on the job or had to struggle not to do so an average of 16 times a month. This usually happens sometime between 4 and 5 in the morning. In other research, Moore-Ede discovered an incident in which a transcontinental flight missed its Los Angeles destination and flew 100 miles over the Pacific because everyone up front had fallen asleep. Controllers awakened them by sounding chimes in the cockpit. NTSB's Lauber confirms that napping occurs and suggests that the problem could be eased if regulations banning all sleeping could be relaxed to permit snoozing by one officer at a time during a high-altitude flight.

A mechanic at O'Hare found a damaged duct on a DC-9's engine in April and reported to his supervisor that it would pose a fire hazard if the engine overheated. The supervisor nonetheless cleared the aircraft to take off for Pittsburgh. The horrified mechanic called FAA but could not reach an official before the plane left Chicago. In Pittsburgh, FAA grounded the aircraft while the engine was replaced. The pilot had not been warned that he was flying with a potential fire problem.

In the complex world of aviation technology, equipment can and does fail.



Pilots training in a flight simulator that mimics a DC-9 commercial jet. In today's "glass cockpits," the flying must often be heads down.

Still, insists FAA Chief Donald Engen, "any accident, when you dig in, always comes back to human beings. Accidents just don't happen—they are caused." Airlines need a skilled force of mechanics and technicians to maintain their incredibly complex aircraft. A Boeing 747, for example, contains 4.5 million removable parts, 135 miles of electrical wires and more than a mile of hydraulic tubing. The major airlines are spending as much as or more than before on maintenance of their fleets. But to deal with any carrier that lacks the will or money to meet the Government's stiff standards, FAA must have enough inspectors to scare the corner cutters and punish the violators. Yet while the volume of traffic has exploded, the Reagan Administration's early budget cutting produced a reduction in the number of FAA inspectors from 1,748 to 1,494. Only in the past three years has the force been rebuilt to its present 1,813 inspectors.

NTSB Chairman Burnett contends, furthermore, that FAA inspectors too often develop a cozy relationship with the airlines they are assigned to monitor. Inspectors and airlines, says Burnett, go through a "choreographed dance." One example: Eastern had a string of problems with missing O rings on engines in its

Nation

L-1011 jumbos that caused seven forced landings. At a hearing on the problem, Burnett asked the top FAA inspector watching Eastern whether he ever checked the airline's maintenance procedures. No, said the inspector, but he had discussed the problem with Eastern's vice president for maintenance. Burnett's acid response: "Vice presidents don't put on O rings."

The Eastern violations became so numerous because each flight with a claimed maintenance problem counts separately. One Eastern plane flew five years before the airline repaired a landing-gear-assembly link that had been the subject of an FAA warning. Only when the gear failed on a landing at Norfolk, Va., was a fix made. FAA also cited Eastern for placing tape over a 4-in. crack in the leading edge of a

horizontal stabilizer and making 156 flights in that condition. Most of the violations, however, appear to have involved the failure to document procedures that differed from standard practice, although not necessarily compromising safety.

Pinched airlines tend to defer repairs on items that do not require immediate grounding of a plane. One pilot admitted that he flew his jet even though in his

Kind Words for Continental

In the easygoing days before deregulation, U.S. airlines and the Federal Aviation Administration were able to maintain a gentlemanly relationship without undermining the enforcement of safety standards. But in the new era of cut-rate competition, the FAA has been slow to adopt the sterner attitude necessary to keep America's skies safe. "In a game between two very aggressive teams, the referee has to have a fast whistle," says Jim Burnett, chairman of the National Transportation Safety Board. "And we haven't had a fast whistle from the FAA." To some critics, this soft approach was particularly evident in the case of Continental Airlines.

Former FAA officials, Continental employees and the Air Line Pilots Association accuse the FAA of burying a critical 1984 inspection report listing numerous violations that could have grounded Continental, then replacing the report with a far milder account. Two investigating subcommittees of the House and Senate have looked into the matter, as has the FBI. The criminal investigation came to a close last week when U.S. Attorney Robert C. Bonner announced in Los Angeles that there was "insufficient evidence to support prosecutive action." The episode, however, raises questions about the regulators' ability to keep at arm's length from the carriers.

Continental spokesmen vigorously deny that the airline and the FAA conspired to suppress the report or change it in any substantive way. They say the entire incident is the result of labor unrest at Continental, whose chairman is Frank Lorenzo, 46. The toughest among the new breed of cost-cutting airline bosses, Lorenzo has bought Eastern, New York Air, Continental and, last week, People Express, building his once small Texas International Airline into Texas Air Corp., the largest U.S. carrier.

In September 1983 Lorenzo placed Continental in bankruptcy, then abrogated all the carrier's expensive union contracts and cut salaries by as much as 70%. The airline's pilots staged a bitter two-year strike, and Continental began hiring nonunion pilots.

FAA regulations require close policing of any carrier in a strike situation or financial difficulty, since the airline may be rapidly hiring and promoting less well-trained people. Accordingly, the FAA dispatched a special team to keep an eye on Continental. Headed by San Francisco-based Harry Langdon, a 24-year FAA veteran, the airline operations-inspection team was made up of inspectors from around the U.S. to counter possible chumminess between regional officers and airlines. In a report sent to the Western Pacific regional office in April 1984, Langdon's group recommended 20 enforcement actions for the breaching of 31 regulations, which could have resulted in hundreds of individual violations.

The team reported that Continental had sent planes over the Pacific without weather forecasts, failed to make or document fueling-equipment inspections, omitted required ground training and kept inadequate training records for its flight crews.

Langdon's findings were never made public. When Senate investigators reviewed the report last March at a hearing of the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, the recommendations for enforcement action had been deleted. Also missing were critical comments about Continental's management, the company's strike problems and the shortage of personnel. Expunged were Langdon's criticisms of lax enforcement of regulations by Western Pacific regional officials of the FAA. Whole pages and key paragraphs had disappeared, but some words had been added. "Continental Airlines personnel and management remained cooperative" was changed to "Continental Airlines personnel and management were very cooperative."

The revisions came from the top level of FAA management. Anthony Broderick, the agency's associate administrator for aviation standards, took the highly unusual step of returning the voluminous report and documentation to the Western Pacific regional office with orders to rewrite it. As he said to the Senate subcommittee, "I requested that they... remove any material that was unwarranted generalization or unsubstantiated opinion not supported by facts." The rewrite, however, left in undocumented statements of opinion favorable to Continental.

Langdon, who has since retired, wrote to Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole protesting what he called a "cover-up." Dole did not respond, but FAA Chief Donald Engen says "there is no basis in fact for what Mr. Langdon states... When you get down to it, you find it to be a labor-management issue."

Republican Congressman Guy Molinari of New York intends to press for further hearings on the matter. Molinari particularly wants to know whether the regulatory agency was unduly influenced by former high-level FAA officials hired by Continental. These include Clark Onstad, the FAA's onetime chief counsel, now Continental's vice president of governmental affairs in Washington, and Dewey Roark, the FAA regulations attorney who became a legal consultant to Continental in March 1984 and helped draft the airline's rebuttal to the Langdon report.

Ultimately, the penalties against Continental were no more than a mild slap. The FAA fined the airline less than \$100,000 for three of the violations, and allowed the others to be corrected after warning letters. In contrast to the Continental experience, Alaska Airlines had 90 pilots grounded in 1984 for similar training violations. The FAA also fined the smaller airline a stiff \$600,000.

—By John S. DeMott.

Reported by Jonathan Beatty/Los Angeles



Chairman Lorenzo: criticisms were deleted



Checking a jet engine: an Eastern Air Lines maintenance worker in Miami



An FAA Inspector at work in Los Angeles

cockpit 14 red tags were hanging from parts on which needed maintenance work had been deferred. While this may be legal, John Galipault of the Aviation Safety Institute insists that one airline assigns mechanics to fly in what repairmen call "hangar queens," airplanes that develop frequent problems. When a minor ailment arises, the flying mechanic "signs off" on the paperwork needed to permit the plane to keep operating, even though no repair is done.

The pressure to keep the multimillion-dollar jets and their paying passengers moving is high at most airlines. Contends Galipault: "People in this business are asked or told to do things they know are not only wrong but dangerous. Then they have to ask themselves whether to sell out and save their job or risk it for what they know is right and safe." For too many, the choice appears to be difficult.

The crash at Reno of a Galaxy Airlines Electra that killed 70 people, many of them fans returning to Minneapolis from the 1985 Super Bowl game in San Francisco, turned out to be a horror story of multiple mistakes. NTSB investigators found that on the ground at Reno, the headsets between the ground supervisor and the cockpit did not work, so hand signals were used. After the pilot started two engines, a ground handler discovered that she could not disconnect an air hose used in the starts. The supervisor began frantically signaling the pilots to stop so the hose could be freed. Distracted, the ground crew failed to close a small (8½ in. by 11 in.) access door at the hose connection. The crew neglected to run through the required checklist before takeoff. They heard a thumping noise during takeoff, but despite published warnings about this possibility, they did not realize the door was loose.

Trying to determine if the racket came from an engine problem, the captain reduced power on all four

engines, although it would have been safer to check one of them at a time. The loss of speed took the Electra close to its stall point, but the first officer was not monitoring airspeed and altitude as he should have been. The plane stalled and struck the ground. The NTSB criticized the lack of crew coordination and concluded drily, "The captain attempted both to determine the cause of the vibration and fly the airplane simultaneously, which he was unable to do." In fact, the open door would not have been a hazard if the sound had been properly diagnosed.

What should be done to restore the safety margins? The controller shortage offers only one relatively quick fix: rehire more of the fired PATCO controllers. Many have not found comparable-paying jobs and would be eager to get back at their consoles. But FAA Chief Engen, reflecting the Administration's position, says, "No way." According to the GAO survey, 60% of the current controllers and 85% of their supervisors oppose such a move, though a majority of those at some of the busiest traffic centers say they would have no ob-

jection. In fact, about 500 of the less militant PATCO members have been quietly rehired. Many airline pilots would like to see more of the former controllers brought back "with a wink and a nod" to strengthen the system. The pilots argue that the fired PATCO members bear few grudges against the recently hired people. "All this animosity is the rhetoric of 1981 and 1982," argues Jim Holtsclaw, manager of the FAA facility in Los Angeles.

Congress last year approved a request by Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole for funds to add 1,000 new controllers over two years. Dole claims, with little support, that the "system was way overstaffed before the strike" and that new "air-flow" procedures have made it possible for fewer controllers to handle more flights safely.

The air-flow plan has indeed reduced the number of aircraft stacked in the skies in bad weather around major airports. Instead, the delays are taken in "gate holds" on the ground: planes are not allowed to leave until they have a chance to land promptly at their next stop. This prudent procedure caused more than 70,000 holiday travelers around the nation to be delayed last week when fog closed Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport, a major airline hub. While the air-flow controls may annoy passengers eager to get going on their trips, pilots and controllers prefer it to in-air stacking because it leaves fewer airborne planes to worry about.

As fuel costs have gone down and delays have increased, however, the airlines are pushing to get their planes aloft closer to schedule. They want more departure and arrival routes established so that more of the sky space is utilized. They would also like to reduce the 15-mile minimum spacing between following airliners so that more traffic can be moved in the same time. Planes heading toward a landing at 220 m.p.h. thus are about four minutes apart.

Most safety experts argue that the already strained system is not able to accommodate either more stacking, closer flying or more routes to be controlled. But the FAA seems ready to bow to some of the airline



Federal Aviation Administrator Engen
"I deal with real facts."

Nation

pressure. The agency's regional traffic managers expect to meet in February, and may consider a ten-mile interval in time for the summer season.

The need for more FAA inspectors is obvious. In the view of Jim Burnett, it may even be more important for FAA inspectors to develop a new attitude toward their work. "They must take a more aggressive posture," he says. Specifically, Burnett would like to see more spot inspections to detect any cheating on maintenance rules.

The NTSB has also urged the FAA to require pilots and copilots on commuter airlines to be checked more frequently on their instrument flying. The safety board urges faster implementation of a program to provide flight simulators to train these pilots and asks that the commuter carriers be required to provide at least one experienced pilot on each flight, rather than have two newcomers work together. No single move, however, could ease the worries of pilots and passengers alike more than installing collision-warning devices on airplanes. After years of indecision and delay, the FAA is finally moving to put such a system in place.



Waiting to roll: planes backed up on the runway at Los Angeles
Delays at departure are safer than stacking in the sky.

development

Safety experts advocate such short-term and relatively inexpensive improvements as clearer runway markings, tighter control over carry-on luggage that can hurl about a cabin in a crash landing, and greater fire resistance in airline cabin fabrics.

The FAA's Engen says the country urgently needs more airports and runways. But airport expansion around many major cities is almost prohibitively expensive and politically difficult if, indeed, suitable land can be found.

This seems mostly a dream. More modestly, the FAA is starting to install new computers at its en-route control centers. It has also proposed a \$24 billion long-term airport and air-traffic control modernization program. Where the money will come from has not been decided. The FAA's critics want the agency to use some of the \$8 billion that has accumulated in an aviation trust fund, which comes mainly from an 8% tax on all airline tickets. This reservoir of cash has been hoarded by the Administration to keep the federal deficit from looking worse than it is.

Though final Administration and congressional approval of the modernization plan remains uncertain, the need is clear. The expansion of air travel will continue relentlessly: domestic airline traffic is expected to grow by 5% in each of the next four years. Unless more steps are taken soon to remedy the serious shortcomings in the nation's air-traffic system, the recent good luck of millions of sky travelers could run out. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Jerry Hannan/Washington and Lee Griggs/Chicago, with other bureaus*

Flying with TCAS II

The Aeroméxico DC-9 and the Piper Cherokee Archer that collided in midair over Cerritos, Calif., last August should have been visible to each other for at least a minute before the crash, experts believe. One if not both of the pilots probably saw the other plane coming. That chilling fact confirms what experienced flyers already know: simply spotting an oncoming plane is not enough to avoid it. The pilot must then gauge whether the other craft's speed and bearing pose a threat. In crowded airspace, the risk of error is high.

For this reason, the FAA and the industry have been working since the late 1950s to develop an onboard electronic system that will automatically alert pilots to the danger of a collision. Piedmont Airlines first tested a prototype in 1981 and 1982, and is currently evaluating a more advanced one. Next month United will also begin testing the device, known as TCAS II (for traffic alert and collision avoidance system); Northwest and Republic will quickly follow. By 1991, says FAA Administrator Donald Engen, all U.S. commercial planes will be required to carry the TCAS II; eventually, foreign aircraft entering U.S. airspace will too. At a price of about \$80,000 a plane, the system will cost upwards of \$500 million for the entire U.S. commercial fleet.

Designed by the FAA and built by both Allied Bendix and Sperry/Dalmo Victor, TCAS II uses a transponder to interrogate as well as answer another plane's radar beacon by sending out information on its position. When two planes are on a

potential collision course, onboard TCAS computers alert the pilots with flashing lights, voice messages and a radar screen display showing the planes' relative positions; the computers even indicate up or down evasive action. Following the Cerritos tragedy, the FAA ordered that no aircraft be allowed into the terminal control area above major airports without an altitude-signaling transponder. Although such transponders are now useful only to air traffic controllers, eventually they will be an integral component in the air-to-air warning system.

Still to be resolved are important questions about the system's reliability. Under FAA rules, TCAS II cannot be certified for all weather conditions unless it has less than a one-in-a-billion chance of failing. There is concern as well that the system is too excitatory: in busy skies it could send out false alarms that could lead a pilot into dangerous and unnecessary maneuvers. Both the airline industry and the FAA think such nuisance alarms can be solved by fine-tuning TCAS II antennas.

Although the airlines must pay for installing TCAS II, they support Engen's decision to proceed. Many pilots, however, would prefer to wait for more advanced technology. TCAS II can tell a plane to go up or down to get out of danger, but not whether to swerve left or right, the escape maneuver considered safer by pilots. That will come in the FAA's TCAS III system, which is at least two years off, and perhaps as many as five. But, says Engen, "wouldn't you rather go down or up, and miss, rather than sit around for two more years to go left and right? I've told those guys, let's get a TCAS II in operation, and let's get on with it."



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American Notes



Inspecting an array of bottled H₂O in a Los Angeles store



The crew: Onizuka, Smith, McAuliffe, Scobee, Jarvis, McNair, Resnik

SPACE

Out of Court Settlement

"The Department of Justice and the families are pleased that these settlements were achieved... without the need to engage in litigation." With those words, the U.S. Government last week announced that the kin of four crew members who perished aboard the space shuttle *Challenger* last January had resolved their potential claims against the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Settling were the families of Mission Commander Francis Scobee, High School Teacher Christa McAuliffe, Mission Specialist Ellison Onizuka and Payload Specialist Gregory Jarvis. The families, who initiated the talks in August, are expected to receive at least \$750,000 each, paid out over several years. In exchange, they have waived their rights to future claims against NASA and its personnel and contractors, including Morton Thiokol, the company that built *Challenger*'s solid-fuel rocket boosters. Last year a Government commission concluded that a failure in one of the boosters caused the orbiter to explode.

Morton Thiokol has agreed to shoulder 60% of the payments—contribution the Justice Department insists is not an admission of guilt. Besides, a settlement is in the in-

terests of both the Government and the company. Had Morton Thiokol been brought to court, it would have faced the risk of an even higher payout. In fighting the lawsuits, moreover, the company would likely sue the Government.

NASA and Morton Thiokol have yet to come to terms with the survivors of Pilot Michael Smith and Mission Specialists Ronald McNair and Judith Resnik. While Resnik, who was single, has no claims entered on her behalf, McNair's widow is suing Morton Thiokol, and Smith's widow Jane has entered a \$15.1 million claim against NASA.

WEATHER

A Rare Cosmic Dance

In the East, angry tides, as high as 8 ft. above normal, surged along Atlantic beaches from the Carolinas to New England, destroying boardwalks and hammering homes. In the West, the highest tides in 20 years briefly closed part of the Pacific Coast Highway. To some, last week the fierce and freakish weather at both ends of the country seemed more than a mere coincidence. And it was.

Meteorologists attributed the abnormally high tides to an unusual cosmic dance. The combination of factors included syzygy (pronounced *sy-uh-gee*), a twice-monthly condition

in which the earth, sun and moon are most closely in alignment; perigee, when the moon is closest to the earth in its monthly orbit; perihelion, when the earth is at its shortest distance from the sun; and the tidal bulge caused by the moon when it reaches the southernmost point in its orbit.

LOS ANGELES

Testing the Waters

Citizens of Los Angeles have long maintained that they buy and imbibe bottled water in record amounts not out of fashion but out of necessity. The city's tap water, many of them claim, is heavily dosed with chlorine and often dirty. Not so, says this month's issue of *Consumer Reports* magazine, which rates Los Angeles' drinking water as "excellent" and says it is for the most part "flawless" or nearly flawless. In a test of 50 bottled waters as well as tap water from Chicago, Houston, New Orleans, New York and San Francisco, Los Angeles' H₂O ranked with New York's as the best in the urban league and rated better than much of the bottled water that is downed by the city's residents.

Critics of the test note that the magazine qualified the fresh-tasting stuff from the Sierra Nevada snowmelt rather than the sometimes foul-smelling brew from the groundwater

basins of the San Fernando Valley. While the report has gratified local officials, it has perturbed others. Says Sy Linden, co-owner of a Santa Monica appliance store: "This story is killing my water-purifier business."

DRUNK DRIVING

Leaving the Scene

Strict laws against drunk driving may be causing an unwanted side effect: A new study by Purdue University researchers shows that after Ohio instituted a tough drunk-driving law making it more likely for offenders to be jailed and have their licenses suspended, the number of alcohol-related accidents fell by 20%. But at the same time, the number of hit-and-run incidents caused by intoxicated drivers rose by 8%. "The higher the penalty for drunk driving," says Purdue Economist John Umbeck, a coauthor of the report, "the more there is to gain by leaving the scene."

The study, which analyzed 500,000 accidents in Ohio from January 1982 to June 1983, suggested that motorists facing severe punishment for drunk driving might be strongly inclined to cut out, especially if the penalty for fleeing the accident is scarcely harsher than that for causing it. One possible remedy: stiffen the laws against hit-and-run driving.

World

IRAN

Meantime, Back in Tehran

*As the U.S. crisis simmers,
Khomeini's successors jostle
each other for advantage*

As he presented his government's 1987 budget to the Iranian parliament last week, Prime Minister Mir Hussein Mousavi interrupted his discussion of financial matters to address himself to a more emotional topic. Declared Mousavi: "There will be no reconciliation on our side with the U.S." His speech, which included a ringing attack on the Soviet Union, was the latest volley in the continuing power struggle among Iran's ruling mullahs.

The issue at hand was the succession to the country's aging leader, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, who is now 86 and reportedly in perilous health. Indeed, there is ample evidence that fervently anti-U.S. radicals like Mousavi are sharply at odds with pragmatists like Parliamentary Speaker Hojatoleslam Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, 52, over the leadership of the Iranian revolution in the post-Khomeini era.

Prime Minister Mousavi's remarks in parliament seemed directed, at least in part, at the festering issue of the \$506 million in blocked Iranian funds that is still held by the U.S. Now that secret talks between Washington and Tehran have been aborted by the Iranscam scandal, negotiations on the blocked funds are the only known contact between the two countries. The U.S. has acknowledged that the money belongs to Iran, but the two sides remain divided over a welter of

technical details. At midweek the latest round of talks ended inconclusively.

The Reagan Administration has insisted that the talks have nothing to do with the five U.S. hostages still held in Lebanon. But an Iranian official told reporters in the Netherlands last week, "If the Americans show their good faith toward our revolution, it is possible that people in Lebanon who are sympathetic to us will show their goodwill toward the Americans." That sounded like Rafsanjani-style pragmatism at work. On the other hand, it clashed directly with the hard-liners' refusal to grant concessions in order to regain the funds. Meanwhile, the U.S. is caught up in its own dilemma: while Washington is ready to release the money, it apparently does not want to yield one of its few remaining aces to the Iranians without at the same time assuring the return of the hostages.

The struggle for succession in Iran first surfaced when the U.S. arms-for-hostages scandal was revealed last November. It reached a peak last month during an extraordinary televised confession by Mehdi Hashemi, a leading radical

*The five remaining U.S. captives: Terry Anderson, chief Middle East correspondent for the Associated Press; Thomas Sutherland, acting dean of graduate studies at the American University of Beirut; Fouad Ajami, a political science professor at the same university's law school; Edward Tracy, a writer. A sixth, U.S. Embassy Officer William Buckley, is believed to have been killed by his captors last year.

politician and a close associate of the Ayatollah Hussein Ali Montazeri, 64, Khomeini's officially designated successor. Hashemi and a number of henchmen were arrested on charges of murder, kidnapping and sedition. According to reports from Tehran, the state's evidence includes such exotic weapons as vials of cyanide, booby-trapped shoes, exploding ink pens and remote-control model airplanes equipped with explosives. In early December, Khomeini ordered the government to "fully prosecute" the case.

While Hashemi, former chief of the Tehran bureau responsible for exporting Islamic-style revolution, is an expendable power broker, the case against him has wider political significance. The Iranscam affair became public knowledge after radical supporters of Hashemi reportedly leaked the story of Iran's covert diplomatic and military dealings with the U.S. to *ash-Shiraa*, the Lebanese magazine that Ronald Reagan subsequently described as "that rag in Beirut." Moreover, Khomeini's public support for punishing Hashemi has been interpreted by some observers as evidence that the radicals in the Iranian leadership are losing ground to the pragmatists.

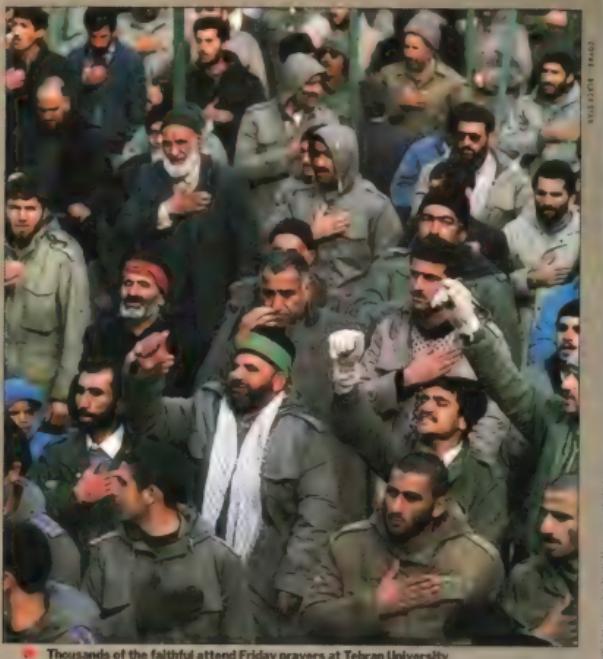
Even so, Khomeini has gone to considerable lengths to avoid giving the impression that he has withdrawn his support of Montazeri as his handpicked successor. He has, for example, permitted



Montazeri: powerful chieftain of a vast network of clerics



Rafsanjani: pragmatist in a government of Islamic purists



Thousands of the faithful attend Friday prayers at Tehran University

Montazeri to characterize Hashemi as a sort of loose cannon, an Iranian-style Oliver North who frequently acted on his own. Montazeri has denied any complicity in Hashemi's illegal activities and has pressed for a full investigation at "whatever cost." In his televised confession, Hashemi admitted that he had "abused the confidence" of Montazeri.

Beyond that, the nature of the maneuvering for the succession is as murky as ever. Besides Montazeri, the contenders for the post-Khomeini leadership are Rafsanjani, the dominant figure in parliament and a power broker extraordinary; and Hojatoleslam Seyed Ali Khamenei, 47, the country's hard-line President.

Of the three, Rafsanjani is the most flexible toward the West, a negotiator and pragmatist in a government of purists. He has initiated discreet diplomatic openings to the West, and is believed to have championed the negotiations with both France and the U.S. for the release of the remaining hostages in Lebanon. He is thought to have tried to reduce Iran's financial support of fanatical terrorism abroad. Some U.S. officials believe that he has argued for an end to the human-wave assaults against Iraq in order to ease public resentment over the war's harrowing cost in lives. Others, however, maintain that Rafsanjani has at times championed the suicidal mass attacks and has a reputation for tailoring his

political and military views to meet the situation at hand.

His chief rival is Montazeri, who has known Khomeini for at least 40 years and whose power base is the vast network of clerics who exert enormous influence over the population. It is widely believed that Montazeri's aides maintain close contacts with the Lebanese Shi'ite captors of the American hostages and that his militant supporters worked to block the efforts of Rafsanjani to trade arms for the captives held in Lebanon. According to this theory, Rafsanjani retaliated by arresting Hashemi and his associates on a variety of charges, and the hard-liners in turn put an end to Rafsanjani's secret dealings with the U.S. by making them public.

The third candidate, President Khamenei, is the only one who has remained unaffected by the U.S. affair. He has been the prime mover recently in Iran's somewhat improved relations with the Soviet Union and the resumption of natural-gas exports to Moscow. This is not likely to strengthen his chances for leadership. Since 1984, the Khomeini regime has arrested, imprisoned or executed most of the leaders of Tudeh, the Iranian Communist Party. The continued Soviet occupation of Muslim Afghanistan has intensified Iranian opposition to Moscow. Afghan refugees have poured into Iran bearing tales of Soviet brutality, and Iran has been stepping up its sup-

port of the anti-Soviet Afghan rebels. For the moment, neither Montazeri nor Rafsanjani appears to have been irreparably damaged by the recent brush with the U.S. Some Western diplomats believe that if Khomeini were to die tomorrow, Montazeri would become the country's religious leader and rule from the holy city of Qum, while Rafsanjani would run the government. But given the range of problems that Iran faces right now, such assessments could quickly change.

The attention of the Iranian leadership was focused last week on the war with Iraq and the so-called final offensive that Iran has vowed to launch before the end of March. Two weeks ago Iranian forces attacked four Iraqi-held islands in the Shatt al Arab, the waterway that separates the southern parts of the two countries. The Iranians briefly captured the islands, but were forced to retreat after Iraq counterattacked with helicopter gunships, heavy artillery, missiles and rockets. Visiting the battlefield later, journalists saw the bodies of hundreds of Iranian soldiers on the ground or in the swampy waters to the east of the Iraqi port city of Basra. The Iraqis' claim that 32,000 Iranians were killed in the fighting was undoubtedly exaggerated. But Lieut. General Maher Abdel Rashid of the Iraqi Third Army Corps may have accurately described the engagement as "one of the bloodiest battles we've fought in six years of war."

Iranian leaders, including Rafsanjani, vehemently denied that the attack had been the beginning of the long-awaited offensive. Iran, boasted Rafsanjani, was still "counting down for the decisive final blow." On the other hand, some Western analysts contended that the wall of defenses around Basra, Iraq's second largest city, had prevented the Iranians from achieving even the limited objective of holding onto the four islands.

Despite Baghdad's success in repelling the latest Iranian attack, President Saddam Hussein has been unable to end the conflict with Iran through either force or negotiation. Some Middle East experts wondered whether his trip to Saudi Arabia last week, an unusual move for a man who does not often venture outside his own country, was a sign of nervousness. After visiting the Islamic holy cities of Mecca and Medina, Saddam went on to al Ihsa for talks with King Fahd. The two leaders were said to have discussed the gulf war and the Islamic summit conference to be held on Jan. 26 in Kuwait.

That meeting could conceivably provide Saddam with another opportunity to seek a negotiated settlement for a war that the Iraqi President started in 1980 and has long since come to regret. But given Khomeini's capacity for wreaking vengeance upon his bitterest enemy, it may be that peacemaking is something he will reserve for the Ayatullah's eventual successor.

—By William E. Smith, Reported by Dean Fischer/Cairo and Johanna McGahey/Washington

World

CHINA

More Wintry Days of Discontent

Defying an official ban, students mount new protests in Peking

On most holidays, Peking's Tiananmen Square is jammed with thousands of residents and visitors who traditionally promenade through the 100-acre open area and photograph one another in front of the surrounding monuments. But on New Year's Day, revelers arriving at the huge square found it virtually blocked off by hundreds of police standing at rigid attention. "What's happening?" asked one perplexed out-of-towner. "Any foreign dignitaries arriving?" That was hardly the cause for the show of force. Within hours, despite the police, the historic site was aswarm with protesting students, singing

aware that their actions might instead serve to undermine Deng, they locked arms in a column eight abreast and began marching away from Tiananmen. Then, abruptly, the phalanx of students turned and surged back toward the square.

As they broke through police lines, hundreds of onlookers also burst into the square. Moving swiftly to stop the marchers, the besieged officers isolated several of those at the head of the column and roughly shoved the others back behind the police cordon. Several of the front marchers were manhandled and pinned to the ground. Within minutes police had



Youth reads wall posters calling for a New Year's Day rally in the capital's Tiananmen Square

A stinging reminder that the unrest that began in December had far from run its course.

and chanting slogans. It was the largest illegal demonstration in the Chinese capital since the suppression of the Democracy Wall movement of 1978-79—and a stinging reminder that the student unrest born in early December had far from run its course.

Just as wall posters at Peking University had urged, at about noon some 300 students collected on one side of the square. The assemblage was blatantly unlawful. The students had not only failed to comply with the recently imposed statute requiring them to register any demonstration five days in advance but also ignored a specific prohibition against holding such events in Tiananmen Square. As holiday strollers watched from behind police barricades, the students unfurled a dozen posters and banners calling for democracy and declaring support for the economic reforms introduced by Chinese Leader Deng Xiaoping. Seemingly un-

dragged the arrested students to waiting vans and whisked them off to a nearby detention center.

It was the first time in the current wave of protests that the authorities had arrested students. Reaction from their campus compatriots was not long in coming. Thursday evening, some 3,000 students gathered in front of the home of Peking University President Ding Shisun, demanding that he intercede on behalf of the detainees, who they claimed were 24 in number. Speaking through a megaphone, Ding promised to seek their release. But the crowd was in no mood to disperse, despite subzero temperatures and a fresh two-inch snowfall. Instead, it picked up additional demonstrators in a march through the campus and from nearby People's University, and set out across White Stone Bridge toward Tiananmen. At its height the throng numbered around 5,000.

The police showed extraordinary restraint in controlling the crowds. Authorities kept track of the marchers' progress from a dozen police vehicles equipped with two-way radios, but made no effort to block the marchers except at the State Guesthouse in western Peking, where public gatherings are strictly forbidden. The ranks began to thin when Peking University Vice President Sha Jiansun announced over a police loudspeaker that all student detainees had been released. By the time those who persisted had completed the ten-mile trip to Tiananmen Square at 3:30 a.m., the size of the crowd had dwindled to only 1,000 or so.

Precisely how large a threat the continuing demonstrations pose to Deng's government remained exasperatingly unclear. The senior vice chairman of the State Education Commission, He Dongchang, estimated the number of student protesters who have joined the current campaign at 40,000, or only about 2% of China's 2 million college students. Indeed there is little evidence that the student demonstrations have found much sympathy with Chinese workers, as some officials had feared. Last week the *Workers' Daily* scathingly compared today's student protests to the rampages of the Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution of 1966-76.

Even so, some local authorities believe the outbursts are serious enough that they have acknowledged a key student grievance: the lack of choice in electing candidates to district legislatures. At the prestigious University of Science and Technology in Hefei, for example, students last week were able to send one of their own to the local people's congress after a rule was abolished that permitted only a single candidate selected by the Communist Party to seek office. Perhaps more tellingly, the government for the first time in the crisis pointed an accusing finger at outsiders for fomenting student unrest, a signal to some of growing official alarm in Peking about continued student protests. The government accused Taiwan of ordering its "agents" to exploit the demonstrations, with the goal of toppling the party from power.

Chinese officials also implicitly criticized the Voice of America, which broadcasts English- and Chinese-language programming into China. The New China News Agency singled out one VOA report that quoted "independent-minded" U.S. Journalist I.F. Stone as saying that the Chinese demonstrations were a "comfort to dissidents elsewhere." VOA officials defended their decision to broadcast the remark on the grounds that support for the protesters from Stone, a longtime sympathizer with the Peking regime, was news. For all their cautious restraint so far, China's rulers last week seemed to be casting an increasingly disapproving eye on the actions of their unruly children.

—By William R. Doerner
Reported by Jaime A. FlorCruz/Peking

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A black and white photograph of an Acura Legend sedan, shown from a front three-quarter angle. The car is parked on a dark, possibly asphalt surface, with a blurred background of what appears to be stadium seating, suggesting a racing track.

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The San Diego Yacht Club's Stars and Stripes found its place early on among the leading challengers. Conner (above) who lost the Cup in 1983, is driven to bring the Auld Mug home in '87.

The CHALLENGE

Losing the America's Cup to the Australians in 1983 may have been a blow to America and the New York Yacht Club, but that event brought new life and energy to the competition. Thirteen challengers, including six from the United States, traveled halfway around the world to Fremantle to compete in the races. Four Australian syndicates battled it out for the chance to defend the Cup. In all, two dozen new 12 Meter yachts were built, with \$150 million spent in pursuit of the ornate silver trophy considered yachting's grandest prize.

"It's the Indy 500, the Kentucky Derby and the World Cup all wrapped into one competition," enthuses Gary Null, the Oakland, Calif., naval architect who designed two boats for the St. Francis Yacht Club in San Francisco.

Even more than auto racing, sailing is a unique blend of technology and athleticism. So when the Aussies whipped the Americans in seven races in 1983, it was more than just a sports defeat.

"It was the unthinkable," said Halsey Herreshoff, navigator on Dennis Conner's losing *Liberty*. While Australian designer Ben Lexen had experimented with his radical winged keel in a Dutch test tank, the Americans, fat with victory over 132 years, had settled for minor improvements over their 1980 boats and said, "We were much too conservative," says John Marshall, *Liberty's* sail coordinator.

But defeat changed all that.

"There's been a lot of soul searching, pri-

marily on the design side," says Tom Ehman, director of America II, the New York Yacht Club syndicate recently eliminated from the competition. Herreshoff also senses a change taking place. "It has all opened up. People are not only willing to accept new ideas, but also they are eager for them."

One source of new ideas has been the aerospace industry, largely untapped in previous Cup campaigns. "The biggest lesson learned from *Australia II*," says David Pedrick, who helped design Dennis Conner's most current boats, "is that there is a lot of advanced technology out there useful to yacht designing, if you go out and buy it."

This time, the syndicates were willing to pay. Boeing, Grumman and McDonnell Douglas all have been consulted for their expertise in fluid dynamics. Richard Whitcomb of NASA, an expert in winglets, worked with the America II syndicate. Sail America, Conner's new challenge group from San Diego, did preliminary design testing on the Gray X-MP-48, the world's most powerful super computer and hired Science Applications International of La Jolla, a high-tech contractor for the Defense Department, to coordinate the ideas of its naval architect team. Heiner Meldner, a specialist in large-scale computer simulation at UCLA's Livermore National Laboratory, also consulted with several syndicates, including Conner's and the St. Francis Yacht Club's Golden Gate Challenge.

America II and Sail America each spent nearly \$4 million on research and development, but took different approaches in preparing for the '86-'87 races. America II built three progressive boats and had them in the water early, spending two summers sailing in Australian waters. Acclimating the crew and

establishing an early base camp at Fremantle were priorities. In contrast, Conner's group decided that sailing could wait while computer tools comparable to those of Lexen and his Dutch helpers could be developed. Sail America then built three hulls, the last one

The Course/The Race

This America's Cup will be raced on the Indian Ocean between Fremantle, Australia and Rottnest Island where the prevailing conditions are much more demanding than the sailors and boats had to contend with off Newport, Rhode Island. Seas build eight-to-ten feet and the southwest breeze that puffs up in the afternoon, called "The Doctor" for the relief it brings on 100-degree days, blows 30 knots. Under these conditions, sails blow out, gear breaks and routine moves like tacking and jibing become an adventure.

For this series, the Royal Perth Yacht Club has expanded the traditional course from six to eight legs while slightly shortening the overall length to 24.1 miles. The shorter legs and extra buoy roundings add up to more racing per mile. The Australians also have changed the order of the legs. After the first windward leg, the boats are now required to make a hairpin turn onto a dead downwind run instead of the leisurely left-hand turn typical at Newport. Any foul-up in sail handling at this point could cost a boat an entire race.

designed to excel in heavy air, and entered only the newest in the Trials. The thoroughness, the attention to detail is typical of Conner, who has made it clear he expects to regain the Cup he lost in 1983.

Normally two syndicates of this size and power (both have \$15 million budgets) would scare off any competition, but the loss of the Cup opened the way for other U.S. yacht clubs. Gary Mull, who had never worked over 12 Meters before, designed two boats for Golden Gate, one a developmental Twelve along the lines of *Australia II*, the second, USAI, a "revolutionary" boat with a torpede-shaped keel instead of wings and an extra rudder forward of the keel. Skipped by Tom Blackaller, USAI finished third in the semifinals.

Johann Valentijn, who designed the ill-fated *Liberty* back in 1983, has given the Eagle syndicate, representing the Newport Harbor Yacht Club of California, a new boat. The chances of this challenge and the Chicago Yacht Club's *Heart of America* entry are based primarily on the skills of their respective skippers, local heroes Rod Davis and Buddy Melges. With the exception of the undetermined Courageous syndicate, which tried to revive an old boat with a set of imaginative, but unsuccessful, vortex wings, all the groups have produced boats superior to those of four years ago. "The level of competition is much higher than we've ever seen in America," says Britton Chance, who helped design *Sail America's* boats.

The expense of mounting a campaign in

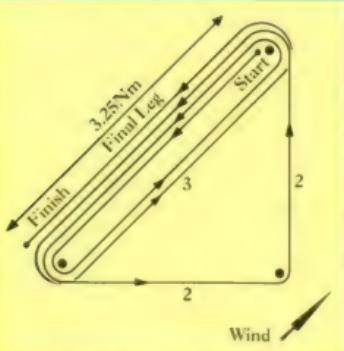
Western Australia also opened the door to sponsorship and commercialism. Where once the New York Yacht Club sought to keep the Cup free from any taint of trade, syndicates are now actively seeking contributions—the larger the better. The American boats have been flying spinnakers emblazoned with the names of major sponsors, although the sails won't be used during actual racing. According to some purists, *French Kiss*, one of two French entries, may have overstepped the boundaries of good taste, with a name too close to its major backer, *Kiss* Photo. There's no commercial logo on *Italia*, sponsored in part by the Gucci fashion house, but the crew is remarkably well-dressed and the boat is a distinct Gucci gray.

National pride and the desire to be associated with a glamorous sporting event are motivating factors behind the new corporate interest, but so is profit. British Airways, White Horse Whiskey and Budweiser are all hoping to increase their market shares. For Perth and Fremantle, hosting the Cup already has brought in more than \$600 million in new revenue and new stature as a tourist destination. If the New Zealand challenge, heavily underwritten by the Bank of New Zealand, succeeds, predictions are for a \$1 billion tourist boom.

But there are intangibles that have always surrounded the America's Cup. According to Elman, "It's a great patriotic challenge, a great international sport challenge and a great test of technology."



Stepping out technologically with a fiberglass hull, the New Zealanders aboard *Kiwi Magic* have proven themselves lightning fast both in light air and when "The Doctor" blows.



Map courtesy of the Western Australian Tourism Commission

So far through the Trials, the course modifications have produced tighter, more exciting racing with frequent lead changes and down-to-the-wire finishes. "The boats are lighter and quicker and there are more maneuvers," says Dennis Durgan, a former Cup tactician who has been sailing as guest

skipper with the *America II* syndicate in Perth.

As in past years, the Cup will be decided by a best-of-seven match race series. In match racing, as opposed to pure racing, the sole objective is to finish ahead of your opponent rather than make it around the

course in record time. As soon as one boat gains the lead, it goes on the defensive, concentrating on impeding the other boat's progress. The trailing boat tries to break free of the leader's cover, leading to the tacking and jibing duels that characterize 12 Meter racing.

The action in match racing begins at the warming signal ten minutes before the official start, with each boat trying to force the other away from the line or into an early start. An advantage gained here can be kept throughout the race. At this level of competition, skippers are adept at avoiding starting line traps and the races usually begin with the boats sailing up the first windward leg on opposite tacks. Eventually one, then the other, tacks back toward the center of the course. It is not until this first crossing that anyone can tell whether one boat is measurably faster and whether this Cup will be won on pure boat speed or through superior tactics. "All Twelves look fast," says *Eagle* designer Johann Valentijn. "It's not until two boats actually race that you really know who's faster."



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*The Australian Kookaburras.*

The Defense

Perth businessman Alan Bond was going to give up on the Americas Cup after the 1983 races—providing he lost. Instead his *Australia II* sailed off with the Cup after seven races

and Bond once again finds himself in the thick of a 12 Meter campaign, this time as the defender.

Although Bond spent millions in four attempts to win yachting's biggest prize, he doesn't automatically qualify to defend it. Officially the Cup belongs to the Royal Perth Yacht Club which has set up a series of elimination races to determine the defender. Among four syndicates competing, the most serious threat to Bond's group comes from the

Taskforce '87 syndicate (backed by another Perth tycoon, Kevin Parry).

Both Bond and Parry rose from modest backgrounds to become self-made millionaires. Both are members of Royal Perth. With Foster Lager pinning incorporate hopes on Taskforce '87 and Bond's own Swan Brewery supporting his effort, the rivalry has been dubbed "the Pee Wars" by amused locals.

Parry has spent about \$15 million to date on his Cup campaign, about the same as Bond and the leading challengers. His syndicate revolves around helmsman Tim Murray, a 28-year-old world champion sailor from Sydney, whose only former 12 Meter experience was skippering *Advance*, the second boat in the Newport Trials.

Murray has overseen the building of three successive boats, all named *Kookaburras* after Australia's native laughing bird. The syndicate spent a reported \$1 million on research at the same Dutch test facility Ben Lexcen used while designing *Australia II*. *Kookaburras II* and *III* were entered in the Defense Trials with the newest boat, skippered by Murray, leading all contenders through the early rounds of racing.

Despite the slow start, Ben-B's operation consists of many of the veterans who campaigned with him at Newport, including designer Lexcen. The major missing figure is the crewmate skipper John Bestrand who retired after the 1983 victory to become a TV sportscaster and write a best-selling book about how he won the Cup.

Although behind in the early going, Bond's new boat, *Australia II*, appears to be potentially fast as any of the best boats at Fremantle. Among the bashing, aggressive sailing exhibited by both camps in the Defender Trials is an indication Cup racing Australian style will be a lot more exciting than it ever was at Newport.



Business tycoon Alan Bond (left) with designer Ben Lexcen, the man who started all the "winged keel madness," are now the world's syndicate.

Coordinated by Media Pro International of Newport, RI. Test by Tom Gamma. Photo by Lauren Warner.

12 Meters

Things changed in 1983 when Ben Lexcen, with the aid of Dutch scientists, developed his patented winged keel that helped Australia win the Cup and changed the shape of 12 Meter design. "Lexcen's Lightning," as the Aussies called it, enabled the challengers from Perth to build a smaller boat that was lighter, faster and more maneuverable than the conventional-sized *Liberty*, but without sacrificing big boat stability. By radically changing the shape of the hull, Lexcen was able to produce a better boat while staying within the tight restrictions of the traditional 12 Meter Rule that governs the class.

What the New York club resisted, 12 Meter designers were quick to embrace; all but one of the 19 boats that began the competition from Fremantle last fall carried a variation of Lexcen's innovative keel. Generally speaking, the boats at Fremantle are longer (about 70 feet overall) and carry less sail than they did in Newport because of stronger sea and wind conditions. Because they are lighter proportionately, they are quicker turning and more responsive than the 12 Meters of four years ago.

The most notable departures from tradition have been the wingless, bulb keel and forward rudder sported by USA, the entry of the St. Francis Yacht Club of San Francisco and the New Zealanders' switch from an aluminum to a fiberglass hull.

Since the racing began last October, none of the top contenders, except the New Zealanders with their threatening "plastic fantastic" innovation, have shown a decisive edge in speed. With the emphasis having been on technology in the years since America lost the Cup, the close racing going on now is a humbling reminder of the role that skill, teamwork and dedication play in this unique, yet genuinely "sporting" event.

Not to be forgotten, Mother Nature has also factored into the contest, turning attention to the importance of mistake-free sailing in treacherous conditions. High seas and untiring winds have frequently split sails, snapped halvards and swept crew overboard.

In this case the race is not to the swift alone. It is to the well funded, the best prepared and the lucky as well. Whatever the outcome, victory will not only be sweet, it will be truly earned.

World

SOVIET UNION

The Long Hard Road to Moscow

After life in the West, 50 disgruntled émigrés go home again

When Artists Valeri and Lidya Klever left Leningrad for the U.S. ten years ago, they left in anger. Soviet authorities had shut down exhibits of the couple's abstract paintings, which convinced the Klevers that they had to head for the West in search of artistic freedom. Last week the Klevers returned to the Soviet Union, sounding angrier than ever. While Valeri had at last been free to create, he had also managed to sell few works. That forced his wife to take menial jobs during an odyssey that led the Klevers from New York City to Maine to California and back to New York. "You have to worry about your life, your apartment, monthly bills, everything," Valeri said. "Every month, every day, I was waiting for the next dollar to pay bills. It's not freedom."

The Klevers were among some 50 disillusioned émigrés who last week returned from the U.S. to the Soviet Union. Some spoke earnestly of homesickness. Others denounced capitalist competition, crime in the streets and public and private corruption. Most seemed eager to swap the hazards of American freedom for the gray certitudes of Soviet life. "I was afraid to go out in the street after 4 in the afternoon," said Rebecca Katsap, 67, who was headed for Odessa from New York City. "I kiss my native soil with happiness. Eight years of life in a strange land are behind."

Soviet leaders could not have said it better. Indeed, the returning émigrés put a fine cap on the public relations success that the Kremlin scored last month when it allowed Dissident Physicist Andrei Sakharov to return to Moscow after seven years of internal exile in the city of Gorky. The Soviets lost little time in trumpeting the prodigals' homecoming. Their arrival at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport was prominently shown on the nightly TV news program *Vremya*. The TASS news agency gravely intoned, "Many former Soviet citizens, duped by Western propaganda into leaving for capitalist countries, have been allowed to return home." Taras Kordonsky, 39, a musician who could not find work in the U.S. was quoted by TASS as saying, "Ruthlessness and violence and the feeling that you could be kicked out of work or out of your home were depressing."

Ironically, most of those who were welcomed back to the Soviet Union last week had tried vainly to return for years.



Tales of woe: the returning prodigals arrive at Sheremetyevo Airport

But they had been denounced as traitors for leaving their homeland, and many had all but abandoned hope of seeing it again. Under the liberalizing influence of General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev, however, Moscow has had a change of heart. Last week's returnees were the third group in the past three months to flock home. According to Foreign Ministry Spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov, 1,000 more émigrés are awaiting permission to make the same journey. "Now that we are opening our borders for them," Gerasimov said, "the number of such requests is growing."

Those returning are hardly representative of the majority of Soviet émigrés who have settled in the West. During the 1970s, some 400,000 Soviet citizens, most of them Jews, left their homeland, primarily for the U.S. or Israel. "The major-



Some who stayed: greeting 1987 in Brooklyn
Most emigrants have adjusted to U.S. ways.

ity adjusted," said Mira Wolf, executive director of the Russian Immigrant Adjustment and Service Center. "They have happy families here and jobs," added Wolf, whose center is in a Brooklyn, N.Y., neighborhood that is home to more than 12,000 Soviet families. She feared that the current focus on the trickle of returnees will divert attention from the "thousands who want to come here and to Israel." The Soviets last week imposed a new set of regulations on emigration that U.S. officials say could result in the tightest clampdown on emigration in nearly two decades.

When they were not talking to the Soviet press last week, the émigrés tended to cite personal reasons for their return. Many felt isolated from American society and frustrated by their rudimentary command of English. Some Soviet professionals found themselves driving cabs or performing menial tasks. Others were attracted home by siren calls

from Moscow. "There will be a big change in status for some," said Alex Goldfarb, a Soviet-born assistant professor of microbiology at Columbia University, whose father recently joined him in New York City. The younger Goldfarb said that returning émigrés would be able to buy elite apartments with their U.S. dollars. Officials have guaranteed them jobs and promised that any émigrés who wish may later return to the West. Such solicitude may have been spurred by the embarrassing case of the four-member Gonta family, which returned to Moscow last fall after a ten-year U.S. sojourn. Three days later, the Gontas changed their minds and went right back to New Jersey.

Even if special treatment is denied them, the émigrés seem determined to make the best of their new lives. "A lot of people make a mistake in thinking they can run away from problems," said Lidya Klever. The children of some returnees appeared particularly stoic. Said Olga Sinyavina, 15, who spent the past nine years in New York City: "Yeah, it will be difficult at first, but I'll get used to it."

Moscow's newfound concern for its wayward citizens could have unforeseen consequences. By welcoming the émigrés back, the Kremlin has eliminated one of the strongest deterrents to applying to leave the country: the utter finality of emigration. With that policy changing, more Soviet citizens may be eager to gamble on the West. Now, if the experience proves disappointing, the Soviet safety net may still be there to catch them.

—By Bill Smolowe,

Reported by Joseph N. Boyce/New York and
Ken Olsen/Moscow

New Rules for Black Schools

Pretoria issues tough regulations aimed at crushing dissent

No institution in South Africa's black townships has been more severely disrupted in recent years than the school system. Many blacks began keeping their children out of the segregated, state-run classrooms when the current troubles began in September 1984. The state of emergency declared last June only fueled the boycott. Of the 1.7 million school-age black children in urban areas, some 250,000 dropped out last year alone. Classes that continued to meet were often chaotic, and some black militants began offering alternative instruction, called "people's education," which provided little more than revolutionary rhetoric.

Last week State President P.W. Botha took strong action to shore up the country's quickly deteriorating network of black schools. He announced a new set of regulations designed to restore order to the schoolhouse—and to crush rampant dissent within it. The emergency decree empowers the director general of the Department of Education and Training to set rules governing almost everything touch-

ing school life, including whether students can wear T shirts emblazoned with political slogans.

Under the guidelines, Pretoria will be able to regulate the movements of students to prevent fraternization with militants, and to close the schools to nonstudent groups. With new authority to disallow politically objectionable classroom materials, the department is certain to shut down, by police action if necessary, "people's education" classes, which had apparently helped provoke Botha's decree.

The success of the plan may depend on another factor: whether the government will reopen at least 50 black schools (out of a total of more than 7,000) that it has closed as a result of the black boycott or racial turmoil. In recent weeks black-led movement has grown up favoring an end to the long "stayaway." Reason: many parents fear the boycott is permanently crippling any hope for their children to receive a decent education. Among the groups urging a return to classroom normality: the United Democratic Front, the

country's largest antiapartheid organization. A U.D.F. spokesman declared last week that ending the boycott would "help the struggle for a democratic education system in the long term."

Some black educators, like Thomas Khambule, a former Soweto high school principal, believe the new education decree will only lead to more confrontation, boycott or no. "The Department of Education has declared a state of war," he said. "Our children are being sentenced to eternal ignorance." The department was non-committal on the prospects of reopening the schools this week for the new term. That, said a spokesman, "depends on the reaction of parents and the community."

Only days after the new school regulations were announced, Botha declared that he will set a date later this year for a general election for the country's 2.3 million white voters. Political analysts saw the move as an attempt by Botha to win a new mandate for the ruling National Party in the face of the mounting black revolt and international isolation. In the eyes of Botha's right-wing constituents especially, get-tough measures like the school regulations are precisely what is needed to bring South Africa's racial unrest under control.

—By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg

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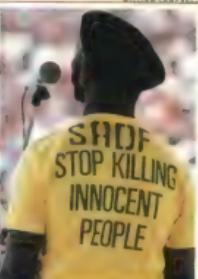
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WILLIAM CANFIELD



T Shirts That Shout

In racially troubled South Africa, a new and potent form of protest has emerged: the lowly T shirt. Worn mostly by black youths, the multicolored shirts bear antiapartheid slogans and organizational plugs. Security forces have often ordered demonstrators to remove the T shirts. Last January, Cape Town police banned all T shirts, regardless of their messages, in an effort to thwart protesters at the opening of Parliament. The order was met with public ridicule and was quickly rescinded by an embarrassed government.

As part of its crackdown on dissent in the schools, Pretoria last week empowered educational authorities to forbid students to wear shirts bearing unacceptable slogans on school grounds. The new regulations also covered uniforms and any other "article of clothing, case, flag, banner, pennant or poster," making it difficult for youngsters to use other sartorial means to express their views.

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A Leader for the Last Days of Empire

Harold Macmillan: 1894-1986

For nearly 21 years after his resignation as Prime Minister in 1963, he abjured all titles, preferring to remain just plain "Mr." But on his 90th birthday Harold Macmillan finally gave in to the repeated entreaties of Queen Elizabeth II and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, and three weeks later, on Feb. 29, 1984, he was introduced into the House of Lords. He chose the title Earl of Stockton, after the working-class district in northern England that he had once represented as a Conservative Member of Parliament. Last week the Great Commoner, as he liked to be known to the end, died after a brief illness, at the age of 92. His death symbolized the passing of an era in British politics in which dedication to duty by privileged and talented men was combined with a tradition of fellowship and even of a sense of fun.

The ceremony at which Macmillan accepted the peerage was tinged with sadness. Robed in resplendent red with ermine trim, he seemed to personify Britain's decline as a great power. He stood frail and trembling, an aging lion leaning on a walking stick concealed beneath his robes. When it came time for him to affix his signature to the act of his ennoblement, Macmillan fumbled and had to be guided. Then, straight and firm, he held the paper containing the oath close to his failing eyes and read his pledge in a clear, ringing voice: "I Harold, Earl of Stockton, do swear by Almighty God that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty . . ."

Macmillan came to power during a brief but crucial episode in British history. In 1956 Britain and France invaded Egypt in response to Cairo's nationalization of the Suez Canal. But the British soon withdrew, confronted by the Eisenhower Administration's objections to the operation and a rising tide of criticism at home. In so doing, they also had to face a fact that they had resisted until then: the sun had set on the British Empire. After Prime Minister Anthony Eden resigned, ostensibly for health reasons, the Conservative Party chose Macmillan, a veteran politician, as his replacement.

Macmillan had first been elected to the House of Commons in 1924. During World War II, Winston Churchill dispatched him to North Africa as Minister-Resident at Dwight Eisenhower's Allied headquarters. In the 1950s he held a succession of Cabinet positions, including

Minister of Defense, Foreign Secretary, and, just before going to 10 Downing Street, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Setting out to restore the "special relationship" between Britain and the U.S., Macmillan liked to remind everyone that his mother was an American. He established a close rapport with President Eisenhower and later with President John F. Kennedy, who called him frequently during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. "I was a sort of son to Ike," Macmillan ex-

plained. While the economy stagnated. In addition, Macmillan's government was rocked by scandal when it was revealed that Secretary of State for War John Profumo was involved with a young "party girl" who was also sharing her favors with a Soviet naval attaché. "It was a storm in a teacup," Macmillan later remarked, "but in politics, we sail in paper boats." A prostate ailment forced Macmillan to resign as Prime Minister in 1963. He left Parliament a year later, explaining, "When the curtain falls, the best thing an actor can do is to go away."

Yet Macmillan remained active in retirement. While attending to the family business (the prestigious Macmillan Publishers Ltd.), he managed to produce six volumes of memoirs. He was awarded the Order of Merit, one of Britain's most coveted honors, in 1976. In an interview with the BBC in October 1983, Macmillan showed that he still possessed one of the sharpest wits in British politics. He suggested that Thatcher should not become too worried about inflation, not work too hard and not read the newspapers. He also advised her not to take herself too seriously.

But in his final years Macmillan concluded that Thatcherism was no laughing matter. From 1984 on, the Tory mandarin made several speeches critical of Thatcher's brand of conservatism. Her program of privatization was the political equivalent of selling off the family silver. Macmillan said, and her confrontational style was inappropriate at a time when Britain needed a "war-time spirit of national unity."

The former Prime Minister was saddened by a controversy that erupted in the last year of his life. At issue was whether Macmillan, while serving as a British representative in the Central Mediterranean region immediately after World War II, had ordered more Soviet and Yugoslav refugees returned to their countries, where they faced imprisonment or even execution, than had been called for in the Yalta agreement. While Macmillan never fully explained his role in the affair, he took full responsibility for his actions.

Macmillan was remarkable among his contemporaries for his great sense of camaraderie, acquired as a soldier during the slaughter on the Somme in World War I. He was fond of quoting a stanza written by British Poet Hilaire Belloc that neatly summed up his credo:

*From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends.
There's nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends.*



The Great Commoner in 1983: duty, fellowship and a sense of fun
"A sort of son to Ike . . . and the other way round with Kennedy."

plained, "and it was the other way round with Kennedy."

Macmillan gradually began reversing Churchill's famous adage, "I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire." Macmillan's policy of accelerating independence for Britain's colonies was embodied in what was perhaps his most influential speech. "The wind of change is blowing through this continent," he told a hostile South African parliament in 1960. "Whether we like it or not, this growth of [African] national consciousness is a political fact."

In 1959, Supermac, as the press had taken to calling him, rode a crest of British prosperity to a resounding victory at the polls. Over the next four years, however, inflation and unemployment rose.

World Notes



Breaking the budget barrier: more military spending



In the clear: Shamir



No way to get there: stranded travelers in Paris

JAPAN

The 1.004% Solution

The decision did not increase military strength that much, but it was psychologically significant. After an eight-hour meeting of key officials last week, the government of Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone announced that its proposed new budget will raise defense spending to 1.004% of Japan's estimated 1987 gross national product. If adopted by the Diet, the outlays would exceed for the first time the 1% ceiling on defense spending that Japan has observed for the past ten years.

Nakasone's proposal was welcomed by U.S. officials, who have long pressured Japan to spend more on defense and rely less on American protection. At home, Japanese opposition parties vowed to fight the increase. But given the 305-seat majority that Nakasone's Liberal Democrats enjoy in the 512-seat House of Representatives, the defense proposal is certain to be approved.

ISRAEL

A Deep Sigh Of Relief

While Israelis were in a holiday mood last week, many of the country's top political leaders had their own cause for cel-

loration. They rejoiced over a sober 65-page Justice Ministry report that cleared Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir and Foreign Minister Shimon Peres of complicity in the 1984 murders of two captured Arab bus hijackers by agents of Shin Bet, the Israeli security agency.

The report, which ended official inquiries into government involvement in the slayings, blamed former Shin Bet Chief Avraham Shalom, who resigned in June in exchange for immunity from prosecution, and three of his assistants for the murders and a subsequent cover-up. President Chaim Herzog pardoned Shalom and his aides, as well as seven other Shin Bet agents.

Shamir promptly called last week for a halt to divisive public debate over the killings. But the controversy seems likely to heat up again next year, when campaigning begins for the 1988 election.

AFGHANISTAN

Let's Make Another Deal

The offer had all the first-glance appeal that observers have learned to expect from recent Soviet peace proposals. It came from Afghan Communist Party Leader Najibullah, who said last week that his Soviet-backed government would observe the first cease-fire in its seven-year war against the country's Muslim rebels. Najib-

ullah, who was installed last May with the support of the 120,000 Soviet troops in Afghanistan, said the truce would begin on Jan. 15.

The date marks the anniversary of another peace overture: Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev's 1986 call for nuclear disarmament. As in the case of the earlier proposal, however, the prospects for last week's offer seemed bleak. Najibullah bluntly qualified the initiative, stating that "if someone continues to fire, he will get a fitting rebuff." Mohammed Nabi Mohammedi, the rebels' chief spokesman, labeled the cease-fire offer a "sham" and immediately rejected it.

FRANCE

Going off The Tracks

France's worst outbreak of public strikes since the 1960s grew increasingly turbulent last week. Sparked by walkouts of rail and maritime workers last month, the stoppages cut train service by up to 80%, leaving thousands of travelers stranded, and virtually halted activity in many of the country's major ports. Strikers blocked rail lines and harassed workers who remained on the job. In Paris, police were called out to clear the tracks for the few trains that still ran.

At week's end maritime

workers and the government reached a provisional accord containing concessions for the strikers. The rail strike continued unabated, however, and France's largest labor group, the Confédération Générale du Travail, called for stoppages in public utilities and Paris bus and Metro service to support demands for higher wages and work-rule changes. The deepening confrontation came just weeks after Premier Jacques Chirac bowed to student protesters in December by withdrawing plans to reform France's universities.

WEST GERMANY

Play It Again, Mr. Chancellor

There was something distinctly odd about Chancellor Helmut Kohl's New Year's Eve speech on the publicly owned ARD television network. For a start, Kohl said he was looking forward to tax reforms, when in fact they had been in effect for a year. And why, at the end of his ten-minute address, did Kohl wish his countrymen a "peaceful and happy 1986"?

The network, apologizing for a "distressing foul-up," admitted that it had run last year's address by mistake. Red-faced officials said a copy of the old tape had been used a week earlier and had been "left lying" in the broadcasting room. The correct tape was aired the following day.



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Q1

Pie in the Sky

The White House and Congress battle to cut a trillion dollar budget

As the 100th Congress begins a new year of work, it immediately faces an economic dilemma that is agonizingly old: what to do about the monstrous and dangerous U.S. deficit. Despite all efforts in years past to control it, the gap between federal spending and revenues grew to a record \$221 billion in fiscal 1986. This week, as President Reagan sends Congress his 1988 budget, the annual battle over the deficit gets under way. Behind the barrage of statistics and beyond the parade of partisan interest groups fighting for bigger shares of the federal pie, the issue at stake is, quite simply, the well-being of the U.S. economy. The outcome of the budgetary wrangles could have a profound effect on taxes and take-home pay, interest rates and the cost of a house, the health of the stock market and the value of the dollar.

In many ways Reagan's 1988 budget seems like a wishful blueprint for a miracle. The President proposes to slash the deficit to \$108 billion, the 1988 target prescribed by the Gramm-Rudman

law, without a tax increase and while still boosting defense spending by 3% after adjustment for inflation. The deficit reduction would come entirely through further cuts in social and other nondefense spending, along with short-term expedients like sales of Government assets. But private economists are almost universally doubtful that the formula can work. Charles Shultz, a Brookings Institution scholar who was President Carter's chief economic adviser, sees "no way" that the 1988 Gramm-Rudman goal can be met without a tax increase.

As in the past few years, Congress is likely to reduce the President's defense request and insist on fewer cuts in social programs. Since the Democrats have taken control of the Senate and already command the House, Reagan will find it more difficult than ever to get a budget that even remotely resembles his original plan. Though James Miller, Director of the Office of Management and Budget, maintains that the President's budget is "eminently doable," critics are labeling it "dead on departure."

Congress is still weary from its struggle with the 1987 budget. In the end the lawmakers decided to let federal spending pass the once inconceivable \$1 trillion mark this year. Their final spending bill anticipated a deficit of \$154 billion, as permitted by Gramm-Rudman. But the Congressional Budget Office now projects a 1987 deficit of \$174.5 billion, and some private economists say it may go as high as \$190 billion.

For 1988 Reagan has proposed spending \$1.02 trillion against expected revenues of only \$916 billion. He thus becomes the first President to send a trillion dollar budget to Capitol Hill. His proposals call for the deficit to be cut to the \$108 billion Gramm-Rudman target through a combination of \$42 billion in spending reductions and revenue increases. Some \$20 billion of that would be trimmed from domestic programs, including mass-transit aid, housing assistance and farm subsidies. Social Security, as usual, remains untouchable.

The other \$22 billion would come in part from gimmicks that the White House used to call revenue enhancements. One proposed strategy is the sale of Government-owned assets to private investors. Among items that could make it to the auction block are the Amtrak rail system and several regional power-marketing administrations, which sell electricity to local utilities. Reagan is putting forward a plan in which the Government would sell \$8 billion worth of the loans it has made to students, small businesses and other debtors. Private investment companies would buy the loans and then collect the interest and principal payments.

Many of these ideas have been floated before—and sunk—on Capitol Hill. So opposed has Congress been to the sale of regional power-marketing administrations that the lawmakers last year passed a bill forbidding the White House even to study the subject. Critics contend that the Government is not really bolstering its revenues through sales of



assets, since the transactions result in the loss of future income like interest payments on loans. Says Rudolph Penner, head of the Congressional Budget Office: "It's a one-shot deal that doesn't mean a long-run cut in the deficit."

One of the touchiest budget issues may be military spending. Most Democrats do not want to appear soft on defense, which could be politically damaging. Still, many Democrats, along with a number of Republicans, remain convinced that the U.S. cannot afford as much of an arms buildup as Reagan has proposed. Says a Capitol Hill staffer: "If there were a way to provide 3% real growth for defense, you can bet that the Democrats would do it. But the cupboard is bare. There's nothing there."

An even more politically explosive topic is farm aid. U.S. farmers, who are still mired in a deep depression, enjoy perennial clout on Capitol Hill, but Reagan wants to cut the farm budget by several billion during the next five years. The Administration seeks to cut target farm prices, which determine the size of subsidies, by 10% a year. It would also like to toughen up the rules on maximum payments to ensure that the bulk of the aid goes to farmers who need it most. Says OMB Chief Miller, alluding to the movie *Country*: "A lot of money goes to people who are not Jessica Lange on the farm."

Leading the congressional efforts to deal with the deficit will be the chairmen of the two budget committees. On the Senate side, the budget panel will have a new chief, Democrat Lawton Chiles of Florida. Chiles is no stranger to the budget wars. In years past he worked so closely with the former Republican budget chairman, Pete Domenici of New Mexico, that the two men became known as the Bobbsey Twins. In the process, Chiles earned a reputation as a sincere and often effective budget cutter.

The House Budget Committee will be led for the third year by William Gray of Pennsylvania. Gray has been willing to stand up to the White House in the budget debate, and this year he seems more determined than ever to challenge Reagan's priorities. Says Gray: "What Congress is saying, Mr. President, is if you want to spend more money for the Pentagon and foreign aid, you've got to pay for it out of new revenues and not out of decimating education, health care for the elderly and nutrition for children."

In an interview with TIME, Gray suggested that one way of raising revenue might be to impose a "temporary" surcharge on foreign imports that would last no more than three years. Gray estimated that higher fees on imports could raise

anywhere from \$10 billion to \$30 billion annually, depending on the type of surcharges imposed. The duties would have the beneficial side effect of reducing the trade deficit and helping American industries, but would surely invite retaliation by other countries and might worsen the U.S. trading position in the long run. Many economists advocate more focused tax on imported oil, which would not only boost revenues but also encourage conservation and reduce dependence on foreign supplies.

The least likely step is an income-tax increase. Last month Texas Representative Jim Wright, the incoming Speaker of the House, suggested that the tax-rate cut in the new reform legislation be delayed for the wealthiest

Americans. Wright's notion was promptly criticized by members of both parties, and he has not broached the subject since.



More and more economists and Congressmen believe the current Gramm-Rudman target for fiscal 1988 is unrealistic and needs to be revised. If Congress made too drastic a cut in the deficit, they argue, it could throw the sluggish economy into a recession. Says C. Fred Bergsten, director of the Washington-based Institute for International Economics: "I don't think anybody believes that it is either possible or desirable to meet the Gramm-Rudman target." Admits Chiles: "There is nothing magic about \$108 billion. But I think you have a problem if you abandon it without something better in its place." House Budget Chief Gray and incoming Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd have also suggested that Gramm-Rudman may have to be revamped. But the White House would probably object. Says Miller: "If we go back on Gramm-Rudman, the deficit will shoot right up again."

While economists oppose cutting the deficit by too much, too fast, they agree that doing nothing to diminish the level of

federal red ink could be equally dangerous. Massive Government borrowing soaks private savings out of the economy, leaving fewer funds available for business investment. Most ominous, the national debt may exceed \$2.2 trillion this year. The interest payments on that gargantuan sum already threaten to put an intolerable burden on future generations. Says Roger Noll, a professor of economics at Stanford: "What we will see happen as a result of continuing deficits is the slow, persistent erosion of the health of the U.S. economy."

Like clean air and water, a reduced budget deficit is a public good: everyone benefits from it. At the same time, though, it is in each person's private interest to fight to defend his particular piece of the Government spending pie. Ultimately, America's prosperity will depend on whether its leaders have the courage to put the public good above private interests.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Bernard Bauman/New York and Jay Branegan/Washington

"Eye for Eye, Tooth for Tooth"

The U.S. uses brinkmanship to handle a trade dispute

Suddenly the specter of an all-out trade war between the U.S. and the twelve-member European Community loomed larger than ever. In Palm Springs, Calif., where President Reagan was vacationing, U.S. Trade Representative Clayton Yeutter announced last week that the Administration was prepared to slam the door by Jan. 30 on more than \$400 million worth of West European imports, including Italian white wine, French cognac and British gin.

mied U.S. access to that country's computer and information industry.

Why all the fuss over trade right now? Deadlines in the various negotiations happened to coincide, but the actions also reflect continued U.S. frustration over its trade deficit. In November the U.S. recorded its worst monthly deficit ever: \$19.2 billion, up from \$12.1 billion in October. U.S. officials pointed out that extraordinary factors were involved, includ-

ing Europeans recognized the U.S. right to compensation, but then refused to take action, arguing that increased U.S. manufactured exports to Spain would eventually make up for American losses.

As far back as last May, Washington threatened to retaliate with equally prohibitive 200% tariffs against a range of European products. They include not only liquor but such necessities of yuppie life as Gouda cheese and canned ham. (The price of Gouda, for example, would virtually triple, to around \$30 per lb.) The cheap wines and pricier cognacs that the U.S. has targeted are worth an estimated \$250 million annually to French and Italian exporters; the British gin trade would be socked for \$70 million more. After the tariff threat was raised, some progress was made in resolving the issue, but then talks stalled once again.

While trying to sound as tough as possible, Trade Envoy Yeutter made clear that the U.S. still prefers peace with its European allies to a trade war. Even if Washington's agricultural retaliation takes effect, Yeutter emphasized, "it will still be a small portion of overall [U.S.-E.C.I] commerce." True enough: overall trade between the two sides amounted to more than \$120 billion in 1985.

Washington can point to the resolution of the U.S.-Canadian lumber tiff as a victory for its tougher trading stance. The lumber issue boiled up in October, when the Commerce Department announced a Dec. 31 deadline for formal imposition of a 15% duty on Canadian softwood, which took up 32% of the \$9 billion U.S. market in 1985. The U.S. argued that Canada unfairly subsidized the exports. Rather than face the U.S. duty, Canada proposed its own 15% export tax, which is expected to hike the cost of the average new U.S. home by about \$1,000. The U.S. agreed to that solution, but since the Canadian tax will not take effect until at least Jan. 8, Washington has still imposed its own 15% tariff as an interim measure.

Washington's attitude toward Brazil is "wait and see." For more than three years the U.S. has objected to Brazil's protectionist policy toward its computer and data-processing industry. Foreign investment is effectively banned, and protection of U.S. copyrights on items like computer software is not adequate. The U.S. Commerce Department claims that the restrictions cost American firms between \$337 million and \$452 million a year. Now the Brazilians argue that they are willing to make concessions, and the U.S. will give them until July 1 to do so.

In the end, trading harmony on all fronts may be restored. What is troubling, however, is the prospect of what might happen if it is not. As most students of history remember, a worldwide trade war helped deepen the Great Depression of the 1930s.

—By George Russell.

Reported by David Beckwith/Palm Springs and Elisabeth De Bony/Brussels



Panoply of targeted products: Dutch cheese and ham, British gin, French cognac and wine

A negotiating tool among enemies now seems to be the dominant discourse between friends.

The Europeans came right back with threatened new barriers against such U.S. products as corn-gluten feed, soy cakes, rice and almonds. Yeutter spoke darkly of possible "major disruptions in international trade." In Paris, a French trade minister warned that Europe would respond "eye for eye, tooth for tooth." He also accused the U.S. of "choosing the Rambo method" for resolving the issue.

That metaphor seemed inexact: no shots, after all, had yet been fired by either side. Even so, it seemed that brinkmanship, usually a negotiating tool among enemies, had become the dominant form of discourse between the U.S. and many of its important friends. The brandishing of threats and deadlines also marred U.S. trade relations with neighbors to the north and south. As the European row erupted, U.S. negotiators announced that they had solved—almost—a festering softwood-lumber dispute with Canada. Meanwhile, the Administration postponed for at least six months yet another major trade confrontation, this time with debt-laden Brazil. The trouble: sy-

ing the rush of consumers to buy imported items like autos before tax reform eliminated sales-tax deductions. Said U.S. Under Secretary for International Trade Bruce Smart: "We remain confident that 1987 will see a significant improvement." Maybe so, but the November figure meant that the 1986 deficit was running at an annual rate of \$173.5 billion, up 17% from the previous year. The Administration is eager to confront the trade issue before Congress decides to pass sweeping protectionist legislation.

The origins of the European trade dispute go back a year, to the entry of Spain and Portugal into the European Community. With that move, Spain embraced highly protectionist E.C. farm policies that included prohibitive levies of up to 200% on U.S. corn and sorghum exports. The action effectively closed those Spanish markets, worth an estimated \$400 million to American farmers. Under the rules of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, a 92-member treaty, Washington demanded compensatory access to overall E.C. markets for the same goods. The Eu-

And Now, Son of Tax Reform

Changes in federal law portend higher state levies in 1987

Taxpayers have scrambled for months to batten down for the new federal income tax era that finally began on Jan. 1. For those who thought the tax frenzy would finally die down—surprise! They may soon discover that even as their federal tax rates fall, they will have to pay a bigger bite of their income than before to their state. This paradox is the direct result of federal tax reform, whose provisions will, unless modified by state governments, trigger billions of dollars in additional state taxes. What to do with the windfall is already causing consternation and debate in state legislatures across the country. Predicts Bob Griffin, speaker of the Missouri House of Representatives: "This will be the hottest issue we've dealt with in a number of years."

The federal reform is expected to have an impact on most of the 43 states (plus the District of Columbia) that levy some form of personal income tax.* The added state taxes will result from the common practice among state authorities of using federal tax rules—including deduction guidelines—as the basis for their own calculations, even while setting state tax rates independently of Washington. By eliminating deductions for, among other things, consumer interest payments and contributions to individual retirement accounts, federal tax reform will thus substantially increase the amount

of income exposed to both a federal and a state tax bite.

But while the reform sharply lowers federal tax rates, most states have not yet made comparable cuts in their own rates. Without such cuts, an estimated 32 state legislatures will now stand to scoop up bigger wads of money. To some wary taxpayer organizations, that result looks a lot like unwarranted additional taxation. The states with the largest projected revenue increases in percentage terms include Colorado (22%), Montana (20%) and Kentucky (14%).

In a number of states the reform will actually produce a decline in personal tax revenues. In some cases that will happen because state tax rates are based on the lower amount of U.S. income taxes that will pay under tax reform, rather than on taxable income. States with the biggest potential tax declines include Rhode Island (-1%), North Dakota (-10%) and Nebraska (-9%).

Politicians in the states that will gain revenue are squirming over what to do with their potential embarrassment of riches. A few have taken action. In Ohio, Democratic Governor Richard Celeste has signed laws that will reduce the average state taxpayer's income taxes by 7% this year and an additional 1% in 1988. In New York, Democratic Governor Mario Cuomo promised as far back as last spring to return any windfall money to taxpayers. At a special session of the state legislature in De-

cember, he offered to cut the state capital gains rate from 13% to 9%. Following the Reagan Administration's lead, Cuomo also proposed to eliminate state income taxes for more than 500,000 truly needy New Yorkers. Republican legislators want an additional cut in the state's income tax rate. So far, the two sides remain at loggerheads.

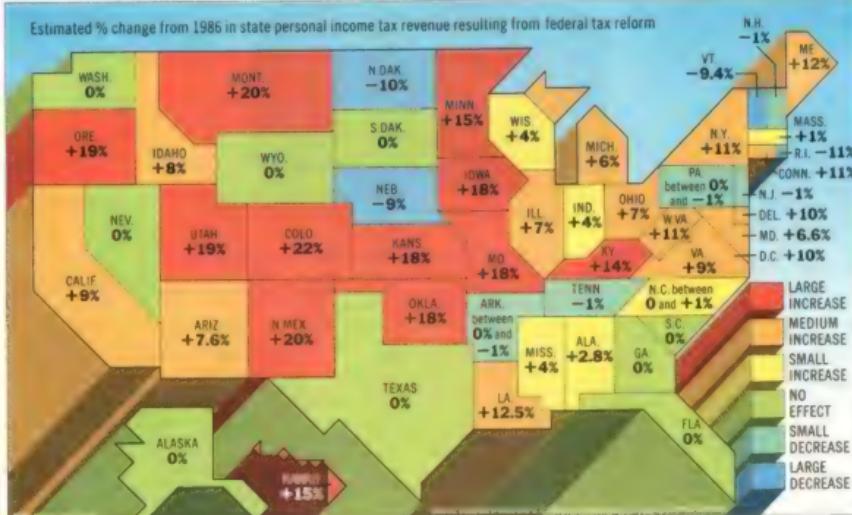
The windfall issue will crop up often as other newly elected legislatures convene this month. Wisconsin's Republican Governor-elect Tommy Thompson has pledged to reduce state income taxes by 5% and reduce the state inheritance tax. In Missouri, Republican Governor John Ashcroft wants to enact a \$100 million tax cut, which Democratic Leader Griffin opposes, even though it is, he admits, a "politically popular" idea.

In fact, keeping the money is what several states are tempted to do. In Louisiana, legislators met last month to consider how to deal with a budget deficit estimated this year at \$125 million. Giving back a tax windfall of \$60 million was not on their minds; giving the executive branch more power to cut budgets was. Minnesota's Democratic Governor Rudy Perpich campaigned on a promise of no tax hikes, but he now expects an \$813 million budgetary shortfall. The \$719 million that his state expects from tax reform over the next 2½ years would come in handy. Taxpayer lobbies, though, are squawking.

Other Governors face the same dilemma. They must weigh the advantages of extra tax money against the political costs of public resentment. —By George Russell.

Reported by Melissa Ludtke/Boston and Harry Kelly/Chicago

Estimated % change from 1986 in state personal income tax revenue resulting from federal tax reform



Hospitals Learn the Hard Sell

Feverish competition brings hype to the health-care industry

The U.S. medical establishment may still draw its primary inspiration from the Hippocratic oath, but many hospitals are taking a few lessons from Madison Avenue items.

► Mount Sinai Medical Center in Miami Beach is selling its own brand of chicken soup, complete with the hospital name on the label. Reason: to promote its reputation as a warm and soothing place.

► SwedishAmerican Hospital in Rockford, Ill., is offering a clever gimmick to lure obstetrics customers: Dial-A-Dad, a service in which beepers are given to expectant fathers so they can be paged within a 30-mile radius when mothers go into labor.

► Kidney Stones? Who Ya Gotta Call . . . Stonebusters! With that jarring punch line, Saint Joseph Medical Center in Burbank, Calif., is touting its newly acquired lithotripter, a device that disintegrates kidney stones with shock waves.

What is all this hype about healing? Dr. Ben Casey, the stuffy TV neurosurgeon of yesteryear, would surely be stunned. While many doctors still keep a low-advertising profile, the rest of the health-care industry has suddenly gone for the hard sell. To fill a growing number of empty beds and to stand out amid increased competition, hospitals and clinics have started embracing modern marketing techniques. Result: a wave of come-ons for everything from cancer treatment to fat removal.

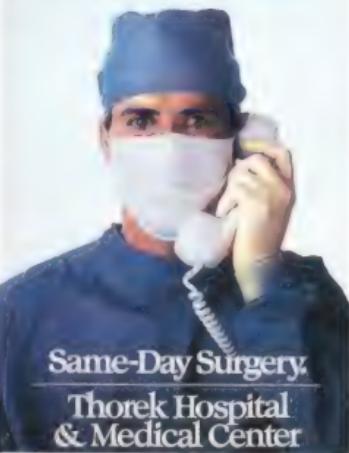
The promos blare from radio, TV, newspapers, billboards and even subway placards. Ad spending by hospitals alone has surged from less than \$50 million in 1983 to an estimated \$500 million in 1986. The new imperative to attract customers may be unsettling, but it is making the health-care industry far more creative in letting consumers know what modern medicine can do for them. "Hospitals are struggling to learn all the competitive skills that businesses have known and applied for a long time," says Linda Bogue, an administrator at San Francisco's Mount Zion Hospital and Medical Center.

Hospitals hope their new marketing savvy will help cure the growing epidemic of empty beds. The national occupancy rate was only 63.7% during the first nine months of 1986, down from a traditional level of about 80%. One reason is the advance of medical technology, which has increased the number of procedures that can be performed on an outpatient basis. Another spur to health-care competition has been the dramatic efforts by insurance companies, employers and Government health-care programs, notably Medicare, to rein in runaway medical costs by encouraging shorter hospital

stays. The Government, for example, now generally reimburses hospitals based on a flat rate for a given illness, rather than allowing the hospital to set the price.

To keep their buildings full, hospitals aim to shed their images as sprawling, complicated, emergency-oriented places. One method is slicker packaging. Hospitals have reorganized their services into neatly thematic departments devoted to problems ranging from impotence to sports injuries. In Philadelphia, where medical competition has grown intense, Thomas Jefferson University Hospital advertises special clinics to handle child-

525-8904 Operators are waiting.



Same-Day Surgery.
Thorek Hospital & Medical Center

A Chicago institution touts its speedy service in a print ad. Ben Casey, the TV surgeon, would surely be stunned.

birth, eating disorders, sleeping problems, Alzheimer's disease and hearing loss. A print ad for Jefferson's bulimia program shows an attractive female model who says, "Eating ruled my life. I called Jefferson." The ad even provides a catchy toll-free number: 1-800-JEFF-NOW.

Such clinics carry an image of special competence, which is important now that consumers have become more discriminating and take-charge in their attitude toward medicine. Says Jan Michael Lok, publisher of *Healthcare Marketing Report*: "Some years ago, patients went to the hospital and the doctor said they should go to. But now consumers know they have choices."

When patients shop around, health-care providers want their names to come readily to mind. San Francisco's Mount Zion mails a quarterly newsletter called *HealthWorks for Women* to 30,000 local households. Magee-Womens Hospital in Pittsburgh has purchased a maternity-clothing store as another way of assisting pregnant women. United Hospital in St. Paul and Metropolitan Medical Center in Minneapolis helped create Nutritious Cuisine, a line of frozen dinners for the elderly. Other high-visibility programs include toll-free crisis lines and roving mammography vans.

The boom in medical marketing has produced a strong new field for the advertising industry, in which many other categories have stagnated. Health-care pitches on local television jumped 40% during the first half of last year, to \$55.1 million, compared with an overall local-TV ad increase of 14%. Agencies devoted solely to health-care accounts have seen their business double and triple over the past few years and have started attracting lucrative takeover offers from the mega-agencies.

At least a few medical-promotion ideas suggested by overzealous ad agencies have been less than tasteful. One print ad proposed for St. Mary's Hospital Regional Laser Center in Milwaukee read: "Mikhail Gorbachev knows how lasers can be used to zap enemy missiles. But he might be surprised to learn how they can also be used to zap away problem birthmarks like the reddish-purple one on his forehead." The hospital turned down the ad before it ran.

A more serious concern among doctors is that health-care providers will hurry into trendy services without acquiring real expertise. "I worry that in their entrepreneurial zeal they are going into things that they don't do well," says Physician Sidney Wolfe, director of the Naderite Public Citizen Health Research Group. Another complaint is that hospitals and clinics are putting too much emphasis on simple, promotable services, especially those aimed at the wealthy. Says Physician Ron Anderson, president of Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas: "Many hospitals are becoming boutiques, delivering only the profitable services. It bothers me."

Medical advertising offers many rewards for consumers. It gives patients a growing new source of information about health-care options. Promotion and competition also force doctors and hospitals to hold prices down. But in responding to medical advertising—as to any form of promotion—consumers are well advised to be a bit skeptical and get all the facts before making a decision. —By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Beth Austin/Chicago and Charles Peiton/San Francisco

Business Notes



Going to the movies in a Los Angeles garage



A teller on wheels



John Bell, a California "postmaster"

LAWSUITS

Fees, Fie! Foes Fume

What is a good lawyer worth? The top rate reported last November in a survey of 250 U.S. firms was \$450 an hour, charged by a New York divorce attorney. But that is neatly topped by the \$600 an hour that the Hunt brothers of Dallas are paying Stephen Susman, 45, a Houston legal eagle. The struggling oil barons hired Susman last month to direct their celebrated battle against 23 U.S. and foreign creditor banks, which include New York City's Citibank, San Francisco's Bank of America and RepublicBank of Dallas. Susman's upfront retainer: a cool \$1 million.

Those exalted fees drew protests last week in Dallas, where the Hunts have also filed for bankruptcy protection. The banks do not want the Hunts' assets, on which they have \$1.5 billion worth of claims, to be depleted by exorbitant legal costs.

FINANCE

Beach-Blanket Bank Tellers

At most banks, a customer clad in nothing but a string bikini would draw stares and possibly disrupt business. But at Brazil's BancoMóvel (mobile

bank), many of the best-dressed people wear mostly suntan lotion. Housed in small red 9-ft. by 5-ft. trailers, two of these automated tellers-on-wheels are stationed in or around beach resorts near Rio and São Paulo, providing cash around the clock to customers who may leave home without their clothes but never without their electronic banking cards.

SERVICES

Storefront Post Offices

More and more people who have grown weary of long U.S. Postal Service lines are turning to an alternative: small, storefront operations that offer many of the services of a regular post office. This fast-growing industry now consists of several thousand shops across the U.S., some of them members of private "post-office" chains. Typically, these stores accept packages for customers at locations that are more convenient than the outlets of traditional shipping companies like the United Parcel Service. And unlike U.P.S., the private post offices often sell stamps, rent P.O. boxes and even help customers wrap packages.

The industry leader is San Diego-based Mail Boxes Etc., a chain that has sold 400 franchises in 32 states. Its business has doubled in each of the past four years (1985 revenues \$4.6 million). Other private chains

include Washington State's Pony Mailbox & Business Center, which has spawned 31 shops in four states, and New Jersey-based Postmark International, with 14 outlets in Canada and the U.S.

The main drawback to these shops is that they sometimes charge rates for package delivery that are 40% to 60% higher than those of larger outfits like U.P.S. One reason for the higher rates is that most of the private operations turn the packages over to other carriers for actual shipment.

TRANSPORTATION

I Left My Car in San Francisco

In Los Angeles, life in the fast lane involves so much getting into and out of cars that motorists often have trouble remembering exactly where their vehicles are parked. Now customers who pull into the nine-level parking complex at the Century City North office tower have a new memory device to steer them to their cars: show tunes from famous motion pictures. Different parking levels have their own movie posters and such piped-in music as *We're Off to See the Wizard* and the theme from *Star Wars*.

The movie-music garage is the latest innovative project of Chicago's Standard Parking, a company that manages parking facilities. At two other ga-

ages run by the firm—in Chicago and Seattle—each level has music inspired by a different major city. Examples: *Kansas City* and *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*.

ADVERTISING

Ansel Adams, Arms Peddler?

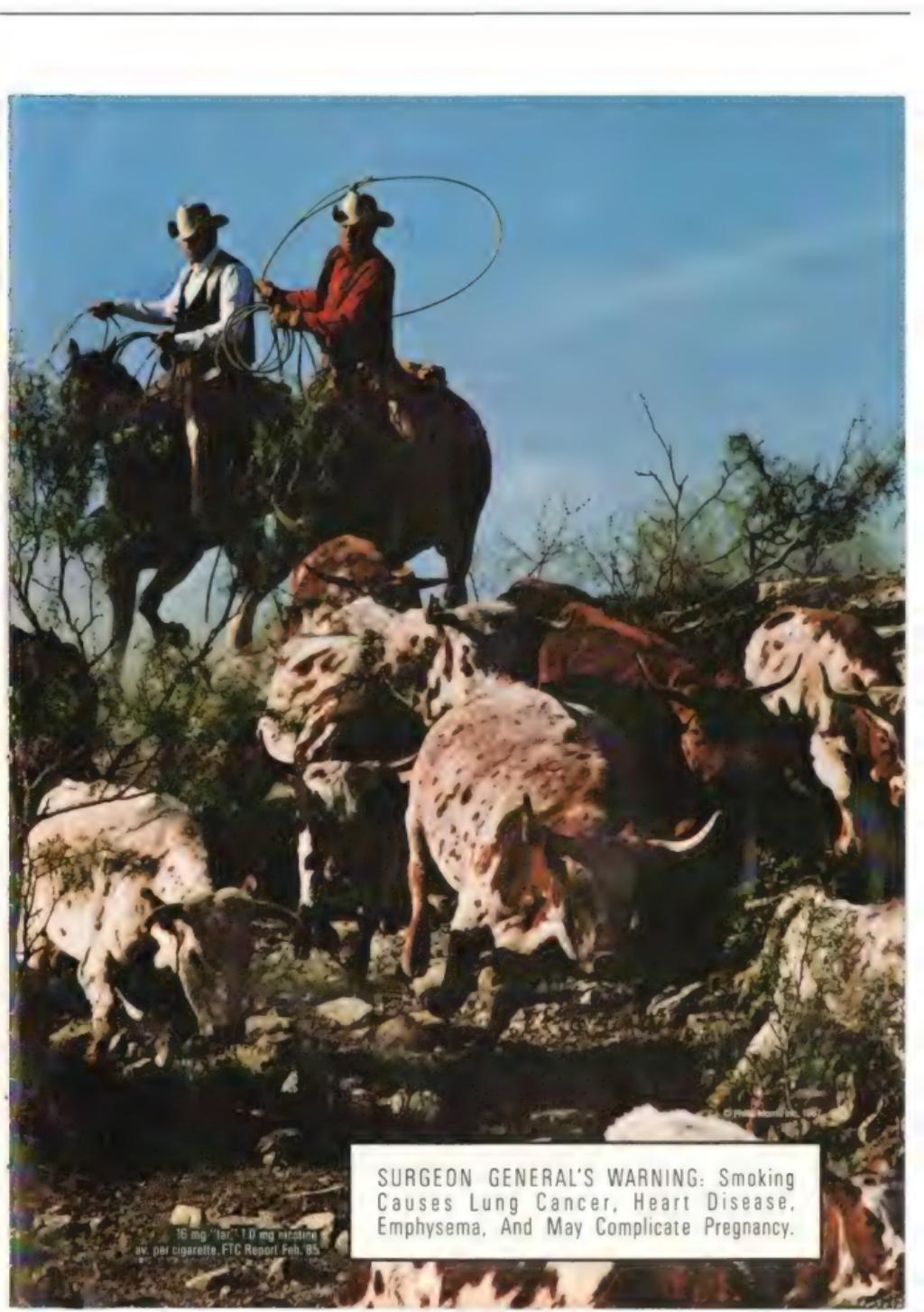
It comes as a surprise to see photos of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and Yosemite National Park used in ads touting Rockwell International's weapons systems. But critics are outraged that the photos are classic works by the late Ansel Adams, an ardent environmentalist who opposed the proliferation of nuclear weapons. In one of the ads, which have appeared in leading aerospace trade journals, Rockwell declared that its B-1B bomber was an "American asset" like the Sierra Nevada.

This sort of thing raises the ire of many environmentalists. The January issue of *Mother Jones* scolds Rockwell for making Adams into an "arms peddler." Carl Pope, political director of the Sierra Club, calls Rockwell's use of the Adams photographs the "ultimate in cynicism." But Rockwell paid a substantial fee to the Ansel Adams Publishing Rights Trust for permission to use the photos. Contends Trustee John Schaefer: "Adams was a patriot. He believed in a strong defense."

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16 mg "tar", 1.10 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 85

Religion

Taking a Firm Stand Against Faith

Moscow worries about the growing population of Soviet Muslims

While en route to India last November, Mikhail Gorbachev made his first visit as Communist Party leader to Soviet Central Asia. At Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan, Gorbachev gave a speech to local party officials on such familiar problems as economic inefficiency and official corruption. But at one point his address took a distinctly unfamiliar turn. According to the Uzbek daily *Pravda Vostoka*, Gorbachev called for a "firm and uncompromising struggle against religious phe-

mally professed constitutional commitment to freedom of belief. In practice, the regime has placed rigid limits upon churches, synagogues and mosques and waged a campaign of oppression against believers. The training of religious leaders is tightly restricted, and religious education of children under the age of 18 is illegal. At the same time, all schoolchildren are indoctrinated in atheism.

For Soviet Christians, conditions today are relatively stable. There was a

Islam has become a special problem, and a special concern. Soviet Muslims are concentrated in the U.S.S.R.'s strategic southern border regions and maintain ties with Islamic peoples in neighboring countries. Official worries have intensified since the 1979 invasion of Afghanistan; many Soviet Muslims sympathize with Afghan co-religionists battling Soviet troops, as do many of the Central Asian conscripts in Soviet uniform.

There are no reliable statistics on how many Soviet Muslims still practice their faith. But a political report adopted last year by the 16th Congress of the Kazakhstan Communist Party noted that Islam is "still strong and growing." A Kazakh newspaper told of mullahs holding unauthorized prayer meetings, while another daily in neighboring Uzbekistan attacked local party leaders who permit people to gather at traditional holy sites. Such informal gatherings suggest that the number of believers far exceeds the capacity of the country's 300 to 500 legally registered mosques (there were 24,000 before the Communists took over).

Other recent newspaper articles that contain evidence of Muslim activity complain about elaborate funerals and workers fasting during the holy month of Ramadan. According to one article, some who follow the "old reactionary rituals" try to make the practices more acceptable to the Soviets by using coded terminology. Thus fasting is called dieting, and the five daily prayers of prostration are termed calisthenics.

Ethnicity as well as religion lay behind mid-December rioting in Alma Ata, capital of Kazakhstan, after the Kremlin replaced veteran Party Leader Diniukhammed Kunayev, a Kazakh, with a Russian. The ousted Kunayev was no believer, but he did little to suppress his people's religious practices. His removal served as a focus for Kazakh and Muslim resentment of postwar Russian newcomers who have made the Kazakhs a minority in their own republic.

During the year ahead, Gorbachev's policy toward religion should become clearer. Communist officials are privately debating how to celebrate in 1988 the 1,000th anniversary of Prince Vladimir of Kiev's choice of Christianity as the faith of his people. In a sense next year marks the millennium not just of Russian Orthodoxy but of the Russian nation. Pope John Paul II is even exploring the possibility of a visit, though the Kremlin is unlikely to comply with his request to go to Lithuania and the Ukraine. The Soviet regime has already permitted the Russian Orthodox Church to renovate a historic Moscow monastery and open a press office. Such gestures, however, are a far cry from recognizing Christianity's role in national life, either 1,000 years ago or today. —By Richard N. Ostling, Reported by James O. Jackson and Nancy Traver/Moscow



Orthodox hierarchs honoring World War II dead; Muslims praying at Kazan mosque

Fasting is now called dieting; prayers of prostration are calisthenics.

nomina." Then he said, "We must be strict above all with Communists and senior officials, particularly those who say they defend our morality and ideals but in fact help promote backward views and themselves take part in religious ceremonies."

To Kremlin watchers, several things were noteworthy about those remarks. They were Gorbachev's first pronouncements on religion since he took office 22 months ago. Indeed, it is rare for a Soviet General Secretary to attack religion so directly; that is usually left to underlings. Beyond that, the critique suggested the Kremlin is concerned that the state's struggle against religion has not been going well. Finally, the fact that Gorbachev chose Tashkent as the place to attack religion indicated that the Soviet leadership is specifically fearful about the currents of fundamentalist zealotry sweeping the Islamic world, which might eventually infect the fast-growing Muslim nationalities of Soviet Central Asia.

Since 1918 the Soviet Union has for-

wave of church closings between 1958 and 1964. But believers are allowed to worship in the buildings that remain open so long as they register their congregations with the government and do not challenge Communist bans on parish education, evangelism and distribution of Christian literature. Several high-ranking Russian Orthodox ecclesiastics have recently been seen on TV newscasts, usually appearing as supporters of the Kremlin's disarmament policies. Severe persecution is aimed primarily at groups such as those Pentecostalists and Baptists who refuse to accept Soviet controls.

The status of the reported 1.8 million Soviet Jews is more difficult. Jewish emigration has been cut to fewer than 50 a month (vs. a peak of 51,300 in 1979), but the continuing demand for emigration shows how difficult it is for Soviet Jews to maintain an identity. Last September, for example, one of the Soviet Union's few remaining mikvahs (ritual baths) was reportedly leveled by authorities.

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Medicine



Immunologist Kevin Lafferty preparing laboratory mice for fetal-cell implants

Help from the Unborn

Fetal-cell surgery raises hopes—and issues

In a widely heralded mercy mission after the nuclear-plant disaster in Chernobyl last spring, Dr. Robert Gale of UCLA and three colleagues flew to the Soviet Union and worked tirelessly to save the radiation victims. Virtually ignored in the reports from the scene was the fact that Soviet physicians and Gale tried a controversial new technique on six of the most severely irradiated Chernobyl workers: fetal-cell surgery. In a desperate attempt to reconstitute the blood-forming tissues of these victims, the doctors transplanted liver cells from human fetuses aborted in the first months of pregnancy.

Those efforts were in vain: all six patients died within a week of the accident. Nonetheless, that Gale used the technique at all reflected the growing confidence of many doctors that fetal-cell surgery could soon become an important medical tool. In the People's Republic of China, physicians have used fetal-cell implants to treat diabetes. In Sweden, researchers have performed fetal-brain-cell transplants to rid rats of Parkinson's disease, a progressive and hitherto incurable neural disorder. In the U.S. and elsewhere, fetal-cell experiments with animals have shown promise of treatments for a host of other human disorders, ranging from blood diseases like thalassemia to paralysis caused by spinal-cord damage. Says Neurosurgeon Barth Green of the University of Miami: "This field isn't growing, it's exploding."

But why implant fetal cells into adults? Fetal cells, Gale explains, are "immunologically naive" during the early stages of pregnancy: they have not yet developed all the antigens, or distinctive

surface proteins, that allow the recipient's immune system to identify and reject them. Another advantage of fetal cells is that they are generally not mature enough to cause graft-vs.-host disease, which can occur when the tissues of a transplant recipient are attacked by implanted adult cells. Also, fetal nerve cells, unlike adult cells, can regenerate and thus have the potential to repair a damaged brain or spinal cord. "These properties," says Green, "make fetal cells a very exciting glue to tie together injured or diseased areas of the body."

Of all the uses of fetal-cell surgery, the most successful to date has been the treatment of Type 1 (insulin-dependent) diabetes. This disease, which afflicts about a million Americans, results from the gradual destruction of small islets of insulin-producing cells in the pancreas. Without insulin, the body cannot convert sugars into energy. Even with careful diet and daily doses of insulin, Type 1 diabetics can eventually lead to blindness, kidney failure and strokes.

Past attempts to implant fetal islet cells failed because a small percentage of these cells have antigenic markers that trigger an immune response. "The classic view was that since these antigens were genetically controlled, there was no way to remove them from the cell," says Kevin Lafferty, an Australian-born immunologist who is director of research at the Barbara Davis Center for Childhood Diabetes in Denver. In 1980, however, Lafferty discovered that culturing islet cells in an oxygen-rich environment for a couple of weeks kills those that bear trigger antigens. Says Calvin Stiller, an immunologist

at the University of Western Ontario: "This cultured fetal tissue can be transplanted with impunity."

Indeed, surgeons at Shanghai People's Hospital have been treating diabetics with fetal islet cells since 1982. Of 39 patients monitored for more than two years, three no longer need insulin shots and the others have reduced their insulin requirements anywhere from 30% to nearly 100%. In some of these diabetics, the progress of related kidney and eye disease has been either halted or reversed. Results in the U.S. have been less remarkable. Only three of 17 diabetic patients treated so far by Lafferty's colleague Everett Spees, chief of transplant surgery at AMI St. Luke's Hospital in Denver, are any less dependent on insulin, and none of them by more than 30%. "We don't know how long it takes for the fetal tissue to mature," Spees explains, "nor how much of it we need to treat an adult."

Swedish researchers at the Karolinska Institute and the University of Lund hope to transplant fetal brain cells into the brains of patients with Parkinson's disease. Says Dr. Anders Björklund: "The cells of an eight-to-twelve-week-old fetus are still developing and can be 'persuaded' to take on particular functions." In this case, the function is producing dopamine, a neurotransmitter that is in short supply in Parkinson's victims. Björklund predicts a trial with humans will begin "within a couple of years."

Michael Harrison, a pediatric surgeon at the University of California at San Francisco, believes fetal liver tissue may be the key to curing hereditary blood diseases like thalassemia, in which red blood cells carry defective hemoglobin molecules. Reason: fetal liver tissue contains cells that migrate and become bone marrow, the substance that produces blood cells. Harrison has used this tissue to change the blood type of unborn sheep, and is gearing up for a trial in humans. "We're perfecting our techniques and looking for an appropriate case," he says. "You don't want to cut corners on something like this. We need the right circumstances, both biologically and socially."

Concern about those circumstances extends beyond the medical community. While few object to the use of tissue from fetuses that have aborted spontaneously, the Roman Catholic Church and right-to-life groups draw the line when intentional abortion is involved. But doctors warn that spontaneously aborted fetuses often have genetic defects that make their tissue unacceptable for implantation. As fetal-cell surgery advances, they fear, the need for tissue—whatever the source—will grow. Warns Ethicist Arthur Caplan of the Hastings Center in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.: "The use of fetuses as organ and tissue donors is a ticking time bomb of bioethics."

—By Joe Levine

Reported by Andrea Dorfman/New York

Behavior

Exploring the Traits of Twins

A new study shows that key characteristics may be inherited

Like many identical twins reared apart, Jim Lewis and Jim Springer found they had been leading eerily similar lives. Separated four weeks after birth in 1940, the Jim twins grew up 45 miles apart in Ohio and were reunited in 1979. Eventually they discovered that both drove the same model blue Chevrolet, chain-smoked Salmans, chewed their fingernails and owned dogs named Toy. Each had spent a good deal of time vacationing at the same three-block strip of beach in Florida. More important, when tested for such personality traits as flexibility, self-control and sociability, the twins responded almost exactly alike.

The two Jims were the first of 348 pairs of twins studied at the University of Minnesota, home of the Minnesota Center for Twin and Adoption Research. Much of the investigation concerns the obvious question raised by siblings like Springer and Lewis: How much of any individual's personality is due to heredity? The center's answer: about half.

The project, summed up in a scholarly paper that has been submitted to the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, is considered the most comprehensive of its kind. The Minnesota researchers report the results of six-day tests of their subjects, including 44 pairs of identical twins who were brought up apart. Well-being, alienation, aggression and the shunning of risk or danger were found to owe as much or more to nature as to nurture. Of eleven key traits or clusters of traits analyzed in the study, researchers estimated that a high of 61% of what they call "social potency" (a tendency toward leadership or dominance) is inherited, while "social closeness" (the need for intimacy, comfort and help) was lowest, at 33%.

The study finds that even a penchant for conservatism seems to have a genetic base. One of the eleven traits, traditionalism (respect for authority, rules, standards and high morals), was discovered to be 60% inherited. Among other traits listed at more than 50% were vulnerability or resistance to stress, dedication to hard work and achievement and the capacity for being caught up in imaginative experiences.

The director of the study, Thomas Bouchard, cautions that the numbers

so far may not be strictly accurate. "In general," he says, "the degree of genetic influence tends to be around 50%." Attributing the 28-point gap between potency and closeness to possible sampling errors, he predicted that "social potency will drop and social closeness will creep up."

All the twins took several personality tests, answering more than 15,000 questions on subjects ranging from personal interests and values to phobias, aesthetic judgment and television and reading habits. Twins reared separately also took medical exams and intelligence tests and were queried on life history and stresses. Not all pairs matched up as well as the two Jims. California Twins Ann Blandin and Barbara Parker, 40, showed only minor similarities. Said Blandin: "Bouchard said we were the most different set of twins in the study."

Psychologist David Lykken, one of the Minnesota researchers, thinks the study will shove the pendulum further



Ann Blandin and Barbara Parker in California



Jim Springer and Jim Lewis: blue cars and two dogs named Toy

Speaking as if nurture were a by-product of nature

away from the "radical environmentalism" of those who believe the characters of children are more or less created by their parents and environment. Lykken says Test Pilot Chuck Yeager is daring because he was "genetically endowed with a low scale of fearlessness," a trait that might have been redirected or tamped down but not eradicated. Says Psychologist Nancy Segal, a member of the project: "Parents can work to make a child less fearful, but they can't make that child brave."

Adam Matheny of the Louisville Twin Study, the oldest of U.S. twin study groups, says the "mechanism for change is laid down the moment a child is conceived" and that the genes provide a "rough sketch of life." Some psychologists who stress the influence of genes on behavior often speak as if nurture were a by-product of nature. "All of us make our own environment," says Developmental Psychologist Sandra Scarr of the University of Virginia. Lykken makes the same point: "The environment molds your personality, but your genes determine what kind of environment you have, seek and attend to." Since the early 1960s, several twin studies have reported that identical twins reared apart are actually more alike than those raised in the same home. Scarr thinks the reason is that parents faced with identical twins try hard to stress differences between siblings. Says she: "Living with the same family seems to increase intellectual similarity and decrease resemblance in personality."

Some scholars, such as Princeton Psychologist Leon Kamin, fear that the Minnesota results will be used to blame the poor and downtrodden for their own condition. Political liberals have long believed that crime and poverty are largely by-products of destructive environments. As a result, they are usually suspicious of biological or genetic explanations for behavior. "These are very ambiguous data that can be interpreted any way you want to," says Kamin. "I'm not saying that anyone is falsifying facts or anything, just that we really know very, very little." For the Minnesota researchers and their allies, however, their study is just one more proof that parenting has its limits. Says Psychologist and Twin Researcher David Rowe of the University of Oklahoma: "Parents should be blamed less for kids who have problems and take less credit for kids who turn out well." *By John Leo. Reported by Elizabeth Taylor/Chicago*

Health & Fitness

The "Weight Shrinks" Dig In

Help for serious or just trendy eating problems

Not long ago a dietitian was that underpaid woman in the white smock who decided whether it would be peanut-butter or bologna-sandwiches on the school lunch menu. Today, for those students who grew up to be bicoastal investment bankers, a dietitian is likely to be the latest acquisition in personal advisers. Though still usually a woman, she has gone private in a big way, with clients who include not only fitness tredies but the overweight, the pregnant and sufferers from such food-sensitive diseases as diabetes and hypertension. Aiming for permanent eating-pattern changes, the dietitian or nutritionist often holds the client's hand during extended struggles to give up twelve cups of coffee a day or a five-bag Fritos habit. Says Manhattan TV Producer Roberta Becker, who

has lost ten pounds and is enthusiastic about Lee's method: "She tells me to imagine fat cells sticking their tongues out at me when I eat the wrong thing. It works!"

Most professional dietitians favor a program of gradual, moderate changes in eating habits, often recommending "grazing," or eating many small meals throughout the day. It can take a year "to change people's ways of thinking and behaving in regard to eating," says Sherry Siegel, founder of a Chicago weight-consulting firm. There are also those who proffer unorthodox advice, like Oz Garcia, a successful, self-taught New York City nutritionist who decides what clients should eat after he has analyzed their hair: "I was a walking penny," says Amy Greene, 54, a makeup consultant at the chic Henri Bendel



Dietitian Lee advising Goldinger on how to shop with an eye to nutrition

Coping with venial sins like hors d'oeuvres or a five-bag Fritos habit.

dropped 20 pounds. "They are almost like weight shrinks."

And they are almost charging shrinks' fees. Sessions may cost \$40 an hour and up, and a course of nutritional analysis can run from an hour to a lifetime. In Beverly Hills, Registered Dietitian Hermien Lee charges \$550 for a 14-session, 14-week program. "I call myself a food trouble-shooter," says Lee, who asks clients (including Ann-Margret and Robert Wagner) to take note of their troubles by keeping a diary detailing every bit of their daily food intake. At one session with Lee last month, Filmmaker Janna Gelfand, 26, read off the venial sins that had cost her an added pound, notably hors d'oeuvres at two cocktail parties. "You should have had a big bowl of vegetable soup before leaving your house," said Lee. Gelfand objected, "I had a tight dress on, and soup puffs out my tummy." Still, she

store. Garcia found that her hair had a high copper content: he decreed she must stop drinking her usual 16 cups of tea a day. Now, Greene says, "my skin glows. If a dragon came in, I'd stay it."

Traditional diet experts think hair analysis, saliva tests and the like are the scientific equivalent of junk food. "There are a lot of way-out quacks who are making a fortune," warns Dr. Myron Winick, a nutrition expert at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. Though hundreds of thousands have entered the field, nutrition counseling is largely ungoverned. The unrestricted bingo may be ending, however. Before 1982 no states had regulations, now 14 do. The most prestigious organization, the American Dietetic Association, has 43,000 members who have passed a certification exam.

Many doctors are slowly coming to see the need for good nutrition counseling.

Winick's own hospital will open a nutrition clinic early this year. Some seeking nutrition therapy have a serious health problem they cannot correct on their own. Others just fear they are headed for trouble. "I don't know anybody in my business who eats well," says Los Angeles Investment Counselor Jay Goldinger, who recently started seeing Hermien Lee to learn how to shop and eat well. He is delighted. "Everybody could use a nutritionist. It gives you discipline." Or helps if you have too little yourself.

By Patricia Blake.
Reported by Jon D. Hull / Los Angeles and Leslie Whitaker / New York

Rough Rides

ATV injuries climb

With the Christmas wrapping off, the compact motorbikes with balloon tires must have sent visions of roughriding adventure revving through tiny heads. But youngsters who roar off on their shiny new all-terrain vehicles had better watch out: the three- and four-wheelers can be fatal.

Since 1982 about 1.3 million ATVs, costing \$1,000 to \$3,700, have been sold in the U.S., often for use by teens and tykes. Injuries from ATVs have bounded from 8,600 in 1982 to 85,900 in 1985, and there have been 559 deaths. Of those hurt or killed, 46% were under 16, and almost half of these were younger than twelve. Citing these figures, the Consumer Product Safety Commission is asking for an end to models for riders under twelve. "Children lack the strength, motor skills and perception to operate ATVs," says Nick Marchica, head of the commission's ATV task force.

Manufacturers say the agency's proposal would put children at greater risk. Without smaller machines, argues Alan Isley, president of the industry's trade group, "parents will ride double with their children or allow their kids to ride the adult machines—both very dangerous practices." The American Academy of Pediatrics has a different criticism of the non-binding CPSC request. Last November it called for an outright ban of ATVs for those under age 16. "For crying out loud," says Dr. Joseph Greensher, who chaired the A.A.P.'s study committee. "If the product is bad enough to tell the manufacturers not to sell them, why allow them to remain in the marketplace at all?" Stronger roadblocks may soon be set up on the local level. Next week Tucson will hold a public hearing on whether the city should be off limits to all ATVs.



Thrill that can kill

Education

Academia's New "Gypsies"

With tenure logjammed, colleges turn to part-time faculty

For generations, membership in a college faculty has implied the enviable prospect of lifetime job security through the granting of tenure. Not anymore. Since the late 1970s, academe has suffered a Ph.D. glut as baby-boom enrollments leveled off while universities continued to churn out fledgling professors, particularly in the humanities, faster than the shrinking job market could absorb them.

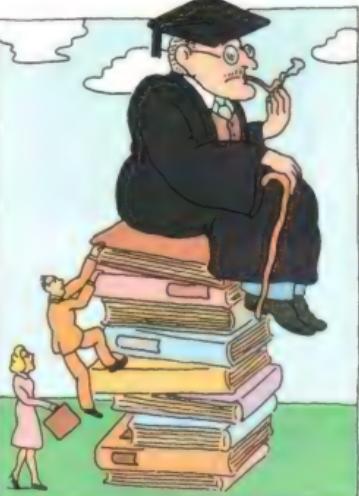
Today the prospect of even steeper declines in enrollment further reduces the need for new permanent professorships. Tightened university budgets and lowered federal spending make salary money scarcer, and recessions in some states have brought budget cuts at public universities (Utah, for example, will eliminate 95 faculty positions over the next three years). The result: with entrenched senior professors guarding the gateway to tenure, many junior professors are facing dim prospects and shaky job security. Meanwhile, many colleges are calling into question the concept of tenure itself.

While these issues go largely unresolved, universities are staffing classrooms in increasing measure with part-timers, creating a new class of "academic gypsies." Among the 32,000 professors in California's university system, the country's largest, about 33% are temporary. Nationally, of 700,000 faculty, 30% of professors in some of the liberal arts are not permanent; the percentages range downward in other fields. Emily Abel, a researcher at the University of California, Los Angeles, and author of a book on college employment, says of the growing race of gypsies, "They're like any part-time employees that McDonald's would hire—cheap labor that colleges and universities are relying on to save money."

Consider Alice Roy, an assistant professor of English at California State University, Los Angeles. For five rough years she scrambled as a part-timer on various faculties. One semester she taught five courses at three different colleges, driving as much as 80 miles a day to keep all her teaching commitments. "I could get on the freeway and find I was going to the wrong place on the wrong day," she says. Her average aggregate salary for such frantic devotion: as little as \$15,000, less than a fourth of the pay for a tenured full professor in the California system. In 1983, Roy finally won a probationary tenure appointment at Cal State. Her income

has improved to about \$28,000, but she still must sweat out the standard six-year probationary period, knowing that around 1988 it could end with one year's notice to get lost. Says she: "It makes me nervous as hell."

Well it might, particularly in chauvinistic academe, where males are generally



considered far more likely to win tenure than females. Administrators claim that in using the gypsies, they are only doing what they have to do in the face of academe's changing needs and hardening realities. Moreover, laymen and even some independent-minded faculty scorn tenure as a refuge for the insecure or the marginally competent. But the fact is that tenure or some analogous security blanket is basic to the role of the university as an arena of open inquiry. Scholars must be free within wide bounds to teach, write and research in accordance with their convictions, whether or not these convictions are congenial to their superiors or to society at large.

Most temporaries and junior professors, however, are subservient to administrators and senior faculty in their own departments and feel wary of espousing anything too controversial. Norma Fesbach, chair of the UCLA Department of Education, notes that some apprehensive

juniors tailor their work down to the smallest details of research methodologies, with an eye to supervisor approval and eventual publication. Says she: "This may not contribute to society or science, but it does to tenure." Both students and junior faculty agree, moreover, that the quality of classroom instruction suffers when untenured teachers are distracted by pursuing requirements that have become too hidebound or arcane.

The one great hope of the have-nots has been that, during the next eight years, the presiding cohort of senior professors—some 40% of tenured faculty—will reach conventional retirement ages of 62 to 65. But federal law now forbids any mandatory retirements that are based on age. For academics, this blanket rule, passed by Congress last summer, is phased to take final effect in 1994, raising the possibility that after that date professors might enjoy tenure until death. However, says Mary Gray, a mathematician at American University in Washington and member of a committee on tenure of the American Association of University Professors: "Universities and colleges are no longer willing to commit to having faculty on forever."

The California state-university system is trying to ease the pressure at the top by offering sweetened early-retirement inducements to 55-year-olds, who can receive normal benefits (worth \$11,844 a year) plus up to 40% of salary by going part time themselves. During the past two years, nearly 1,800 have bought the package. Haverford College, outside Philadelphia, is considering offering new tenure candidates 25- to 30-year contracts. While forthrightly businesslike on the surface, however, such contracts could eventually trigger age-discrimination charges if new short-term agreements are offered to some older faculty members but not to others.

As colleges wrestle with solutions, the effects of the dilemma on the professoriat are becoming critical. Kenneth Mortimer, vice president of Pennsylvania State University and an expert on faculty hiring, notes that some 20 years ago, 1.8% of entering freshmen were interested in academic careers. Today only a minuscule 2% want anything to do with the poor job prospects and salaries that are generally below those of the corporate world. In addition, says Mortimer, "those we trained in the 1970s who went and got jobs driving cabs with their Ph.D.s now are doing something else and are lost to the profession." If some way can be found to deal fairly with the elders, he adds, then in the 1990s "we'll need [those dropouts] and they won't be there." —By Ezra Bowen. Reported by Jon D. Hall/Los Angeles, with other bureaus

Law

Master of Cant and Recant

A dark tale of mass murder gets even murkier

Serial killers are the folklore monsters of the media age. And to hear him tell it, Henry Lee Lucas was the most monstrous of them all. After his arrest in 1983 on a weapons charge, the one-eyed drifter startled Texas police by confessing to scores of aimless murders in 27 states. Soon lawmen from around the country were converging on Texas to see if Lucas might lay claim to unsolved killings in their jurisdictions. He was jetted to murder locations, and as he spoke impassively of stranglings and dismemberments, police gave him meals, gifts and national notoriety.

When his 18-month talkfest stopped, there were estimates that Lucas had committed as many as 600 killings. He was convicted in ten. Then suddenly, in early 1985, he started to take it all back. No doubt to his delight, that has created a monumental legal quagmire which got deeper and stickier last week. The murder charge was dropped in the first Lucas case to be prosecuted because he changed his tune the 1983 ax slaying of a 72-year-old El Paso woman, Librada Apodaca. Judge Branson Moore found his confession involuntary and ruled Lucas had not knowingly waived his right to a lawyer. "Good treatment and perks" motivated the confession, Judge Moore concluded after his ruling. "You can catch as many flies with honey as with a fly swatter."

The collapse of the Apodaca case, following a prolonged pretrial hearing, "puts in doubt the prosecution of Lucas on any



Lucas: Has he dug a legal "black hole"?

case based on a confession," contends his co-counsel Rod Ponton. That could include not only previous convictions, which Lucas now wants to fight, but also some 20 pending charges. The Apodaca case was considered one of the strongest remaining against Lucas. Besides his written confession, investigators say he led them to the scene of the killing. His attorneys, however, produced witnesses supporting his new claim that he was 600 miles away on the

night of the crime. Further, blood and semen samples found at the scene do not match Lucas', and there has been another confession to the murder.

The chief controversy in the case, however, concerned the methods of the fabled Texas Rangers. The defense presented lawmen from around the country who testified that the Rangers ignored contrary evidence and who suggested there was undue Ranger pressure to keep Lucas confessing. Ridiculous, says Ranger Captain Bob Prince, who denies that milk shakes had been offered for every new murder Lucas cleared or that he had been threatened with a return to death row if he clammed up. "Lucas did the leading, he wasn't led." Prince insists "He is guilty—unquestionably—of a great number of murders." But an investigation for the Texas attorney general indicated that Lucas could be linked to only three.

Because of one of the earlier convictions, Lucas, 50, is currently on death row in Texas; he is also under nine life or near-life sentences. "I'm no mass murderer," the master of cant and recant now says. "I killed one person." That was his mother, in 1961, for which, conveniently, he has already served a 14-year term. His string of false admissions was made out of anger at the law, he claims. "I got fed up and tried to commit legal suicide." In the end, the courts may never be able to determine whether Lucas is the most remorseless killer since Bluebeard or a fabricator of ghastly fictions to rival Stephen King. Judge Moore summed up the feelings of many: "We're all entering a big black hole of the law that we may never get out of."

—By Richard Lacayo.

Reported by Richard Woodbury/El Paso

Milestones

SEEKING DIVORCE. Lee Iacocca, 62, chairman of Chrysler Corp. who has been frequently mentioned—and just as frequently self-disavowed—as a prospective Democratic presidential candidate, from **PEGGY JOHNSON**, 36, former advertising executive, whom he married last April, three years after the death of his first wife Mary, in Pontiac, Mich.

SUIT SETTLED. By **Wladziu Valentino Liberace**, 67, glitter prince of pianists; and **Scott Thorson**, 27, his chauffeur-bodyguard and live-in lover for five years, who brought an action in 1982 after he was ejected from the entertainer's Beverly Hills penthouse because of alleged threats; for \$95,000 in exchange for dismissal of all Thorson's charges, in Los Angeles. The court had earlier rejected Thorson's palimony claims—that he had given up a dancing career and had had facial surgery to look more like Liberace in return for a lifetime \$84,000 a year—as an unenforceable contract for sexual services.

DIED. John T. ("Terry") Dolan, 36, combative paladin of the New Right, co-founder and president from 1975 to 1986 of the controversial National Conservative Political Action Committee, known as "Nickpack"; of congestive heart failure, in Washington. In 1980 Dolan and NCPAC raised \$19 million, some of which went for campaigns against a "hit list" of liberal candidates and helped defeat such Democrats as Senators Frank Church of Idaho and George McGovern of South Dakota. Heavily criticized for its methods, NCPAC sank into debt and political inconstancy after the 1984 election.

DIED. Andrei Tarkovsky, 54, expatriate Soviet director whose films, including the 1966 epic *Andrei Rublev* and last year's *The Sacrifice*, with their striking images, poetic tone and theme of spiritual disarray, garnered wide critical praise, a cult following and many awards abroad; of lung cancer, in Paris. Tarkovsky defected to the West in 1984 after two decades of

battling authorities in the Soviet Union, where he made only five feature films, several of which were harshly criticized or went unreleased for several years.

DIED. John D. (or Danni) MacDonald, 70, prolific writer (70 books, 500 short stories) who combined a classic hard-boiled detective style with acutely observed social history, most memorably in the best-selling (more than 30 million copies) *Travis McGee* series; of complications following heart surgery, in Milwaukee. MacDonald's "shabby knight-errant" tenants a Florida houseboat that he won in a poker game, and inweighs with gloomy humor against corporate greed, environmental despoliation and the mechanization of American life, dispatching sadistic villains and rescuing bereft damsels in 21 colorful mystery novels. From *The Deep Blue Goodbye* (1964) to 1985's *The Lonely Silver Rain*. In 1972 McGee helped win his creator the Grand Master Award from the Mystery Writers of America.



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Sport



No. 1: the football coach on high after they "win it on the field"

The Bowl of Bowls

In the "get even" game, Paterno and Penn State do

On the second night of the new year, college football conjured up its own Super Bowl, and Joe Paterno said it was good. The National Broadcasting Company said it was great, and the bookies liked it too. Las Vegas Numerologist Bob Martin dubbed it the national "get even" bowl, one last plunge for everyone who had impulsively taken or given the points in any of the traditional Jan. 1 bowls, like the U.S.F.-G. Sugar Bowl.

The Sunbelt Fiesta Bowl, not to be confused with the John Hancock Sun Bowl, paid No. 2 Penn State and No. 1 Miami \$4.8 million to have it out like men at Tempe, Ariz., in prime time. They did, and the singular game they played, which came down to a final pass in the shadow of the goal line, shocked college football's tired old system like a giant anabolic steroid Miami was the shocker.

Celebrated for their wantonness, the favored Hurricanes breezed into Phoenix wearing paramilitary camouflage and murderous expressions. "Football players aren't studying to be priests," reasoned Defensive Tackle Jerome Brown. "They're learning to kill." How they were killed instead, 14-10, was an amazement difficult to fathom completely, though it had something to do with faulty stereotypes on both sides and the fact that Penn State caught just as many passes from Miami's quarterback (five) as from its own.

Famed for their virtuous works

and pious Coach Paterno ("St. Joe") to Miami counterpart Jimmy Johnson), the Nittany Lions were outrushed moderately and outpassed spectacularly throughout a battle that only they appeared to be waging from the edge of a cliff. For a considerable time, Penn State's offensive star was not D.J. Dozier but Punter John Bruno. While it is true that, in the final analysis, the Lions seemed a bit smarter than Miami, it is truer that they were a lot meaner.

On consecutive plays in the first quarter, the Hurricanes were made to fumble twice, losing something more than the ball the second time. Thereafter, tiptoeing Miami receivers represented the advancement men for Heisman Quarterback Vinny

Testaverde's worsening nightmare, detonated by the interceptions of large Linebackers Shane Conlan and Pete Gifopoulos but generated by the deceptions of miniature Defensive Backs Ray Isom and Duffy Cobbs.

"Every play," Cobbs said, "it seemed Vinny was staring me right in the eyes. We'd be faking a man-to-man coverage and I'd be saying to myself, 'I hope he believes it, I hope he believes it.' He'd chuckle just before the snap, and we'd all think, 'Good,' and switch to a zone." Conlan tried to restrain a laugh, not very hard. "For a week," he said, "all we heard was how great and fast their receivers were, and how short and slow our secondary was. Well, those little guys rocked them. That was the key to the game."

Last year, when Penn State lost the title to Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl, 25-10, it was starting Quarterback John Shaffer's most horrendous game and first defeat since seventh grade. A memory of the aftermath was how bravely he stood up to it. Though this performance probably reinforced the pros' small opinion of Shaffer, there was one touchdown drive in the middle of the game that suggested why he is 66-1 since junior high. "When it's really hanging out there," Paterno said, "Shaffer can do it." The quarterback said, "I feel total ecstasy."

Next year, when the Nos. 1 and 2 are not so conveniently suited, someone will want the best of the bowl winners to play another Super Bowl. Paterno worries. "Maybe it is too big, maybe it isn't worth it." But the polls can be so bitter. "To win it on the field," he said, smacking his lips. "I'm not going around saying we kicked their ears in, but we had more points. We had a bunch of kids that just believed they were going to win."

At the very end, Cobbs entertained doubt. "When Testaverde brought them down the field in the last minute, my heart started to drop. 'Oh no,' I thought. 'This is the one time all year we're not going to hold.' It came down to a wing and almost a prayer. First and goal at the nine, second and goal at the five, third and goal at the 13. Testaverde released his last pass with about ten seconds left. 'I'm not the type to pray,' Paterno swore, "but I was tempted to pray.' The Canadian Gifopoulos, whose helmet is 'too big and makes me dizzy,' intercepted the ball and swooned on the spot. Testaverde quietly took the loss much as Shaffer once had, and was consulted by Conlan. The game was behind them. "When you heading out?" Testaverde asked the interceptor of two of his passes, bound the next morning for an all-star game in Japan. "We're on the same plane, right?" I'll see you."

—By Tom Callahan



Conlan running after his second interception

People

Her long-ago love **Prince Andrew** has become an accomplished photographer. So, apparently, has **Koo Stark**, 30, the onetime blue-movie actress whose royal romance ended in 1983. Her latest assignment as a camera-carrying professional? A set of "high-quality" black-and-white nude portraits of models (no self-portraits) for a 1987 promotional calendar. Published by Harlands of Hull, the limited edition of 2,700 copies is available for free only to the printing company's lucky customers. Stark describes the work as an "accentuation of the erotic to the damnation of the pornographic." Her verbal focus gets only slightly sharper when she explains, "For me it was a great opportunity to tackle a new and challenging subject with a nonrestrictive brief." Which, presumably, is not a fashion statement.



Clicking: Stark realism

He will probably be known forever as the man who lost America's Cup, but **Dennis Conner** is steering a steady course to win back the 136-year-old trophy from Australia. In a best-of-seven semifinals held off Fremantle last week, the San Diego carpet and drapery manufacturer skippered *Stars &*



Conner: full speed ahead

Stripes to a 4-0 victory over Archival **Tom Blackaller's USA**. That advances Conner to a place in next week's challenging final—there to meet *New Zealand*, the "plastic fantastic" that put away *French Kiss* in an equally overpowering 4-0 romp. At a press conference after his final race, Blackaller bemoaned a shortage of preparation time and funds, whereupon Conner slipped him an Australian \$10 bill. Blackaller graciously responded by saying that in the next go-round, his money is on *Stars & Stripes*. Asked his own opinion of the upcoming race, Conner, 44, was considerably more cautious. "Your guess is as good as mine," said the veteran sail. "Both boats are reaching the top of their form."

"After a long day," British Prime Minister **Margaret Thatcher** has confided, "nothing pleases me more than to retire to the flat upstairs, put my feet up and watch my favorite television program, *Yes, Prime Minister*." For this service to the nation and for the relentless ribbing the BBC sitcom gives to politicians, **Paul Eddington** and **Nigel Hawthorne**, who play the bumbling PM and conniving head of the Civil Service, were named commanders of the Order of the British Empire on the Queen's New Year's Honors list. Others on last week's lineup of 650 names: Novelist **Iris Murdoch**, made dame commander of the Order of the British Empire; Playwright **Alan Ayckbourn**, made a commander. Composer **Peter**

Maxwell Davies, made a knight, and **Georges Sandre**, a Frenchman awarded the Royal Victorian Medal for 38 years of service to the **Duke and Duchess of Windsor** in Paris. It was a somewhat poignant symbol of reconciliation **Queen Elizabeth II** has pursued with the estranged branch of her family.

Their heads must still be in the clouds. Certainly they have not run out of gas yet. Last week the *Voyager* crew **Dick Rutan** and **Jeana Yeager** got standing ovations from Pasadena, Calif., crowds as they rode atop the "Romance of Italy" float in the New Year's Day Tournament of Roses Parade. Earlier in the week in Los Angeles the around-the-globe flyers, along with *Voyager*'s designer **Burt Rutan**, were awarded Presidential Citizen's Medals for the nine-day, 26,000-mile record-breaking flight. It was difficult to tell who was the most grateful—



Floating: Rutan and Yeager

land, citizens who had the freedom to pursue a dream.

...a ... a ...om... Anna. Right, there are five v's in the phrase and that may help solve

the enduring puzzle: Why is the wheel of fame on such a roll for **Vanna White**? Though she does nothing but applaud, wear formal gowns and uncover hidden letters on the overwhelmingly successful TV game show *Wheel of Fortune*, White has parlayed those modest talents into a commercial jackpot that any contestant would envy. Last summer the wholesome hostess hit the hay with a Jane Russell-like pose on a poster that sold more than 100,000 copies at \$3.50 a spin. This month White, 29, will show a more sophisticated side when a second pinup poster presents her clad in a sultry black dress. And wait, there's more!



White's pinup: Star turn for a letter turner?

the voyagers or **Ronald Reagan**, who delighted in the chance to deliver an upbeat paean to American initiative without rude interruptions about more troubling matters. "When we saw you coming home—so gainfully, yet so graceful—well, that's just about the best present America could have had," the President gushed. Replied **Dick Rutan**: "This is done by individual citizens of this great

Vanna Speaks, an autobiography-beauty guide is due in bookstores next May, a third poster is planned, and there is talk of dramatic roles, a chocolate-chip-cookie deal, even her own cartoon show. Still, White is not exactly sure how to spell success. "Maybe I could do a Woody Allen movie," says the would-be star. But is the world ready for *Hannah and Her Consonants*? **By Guy D. Garcia**

Show Business

View from Prospero's Island

Merchant and Ivory are as hot as tez tamatar shorba

Shoot, Jim! Shoot!" For 25 years that insistent cry—half command, half appeal—has been heard around the world, or wherever cameras have been set up for a Merchant-Ivory production. From India (*Heat and Dust*) to Boston (*The Bostonians*) to Florence (*A Room with a View*), Ismail Merchant, the producer part of the team, has been pleading with James Ivory, his directing partner, please, please to hurry up: time is short and money is shorter. So constant was the refrain on the English sets of their newest picture, *Maurice*, that when filming ended last month the cast set

tended film school at the University of Southern California and made a short about Indian miniature paintings. Merchant liked it; they talked, became partners and headed for India.

Their diverse backgrounds led them to their natural subject, the often amusing conflict of cultures. Their limited budgets forced them to work on canvases that were, by Hollywood standards, miniature. *A Room with a View*, their best picture so far, is an exquisite, almost delicious comedy of manners about Edwardian conventions being routed by the warming sun of Italy.

Arriving in 1961 in India, they persuaded Novelist Ruth Prawer Jhabvala to write their scripts, and Jhabvala, 59, an English-educated German married to an Indian, has worked on almost all their pictures. *Maurice* being a rare exception. The team's reputation was established with their second film, *Shakespeare Wallah*. The story of a troupe of English actors traveling across India, the film was made on a budget of \$80,000, small even by Indian standards. The modest renown established by that film was nearly lost by a subsequent series of almost perversely maladroit efforts, including *The Guru*, *Bombay Talkie* and *Survivor*.

Fortune began to smile in the late '70s, when Merchant-Ivory started picking literary subjects: Henry James' *The Europeans* and *The Bostonians*, Jean Rhys' *Quarter* and two Forster novels. Critics occasionally complained that their adaptations were too literal—"reverential" was the word casually tossed their way—but with *A Room with a View* they seem to have satisfied nearly everybody. "It is successful in every country in the world!" exults Merchant.

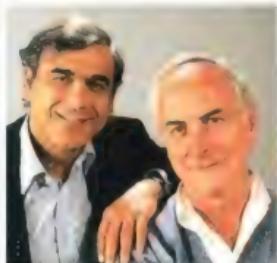
Through good times and bad, the team has remained together, forming a cinematic family that now includes many of their performers and craftsmen. On the set of *A Room with a View*, recalls Actor Denholm Elliott, both cast and crew ate together Every Sunday. Merchant, an accomplished chef and cookbook writer, would cook such delicacies as *dahi-walla shingha* (yogurt shrimp), *tez tamatar shorba* (hot tomato soup) and *geema aloo tikki* (spicy beef potato cakes). "Indian food is not one of my favorites," Elliott admits, "but Ismail does it well."

Merchant and Ivory share a London flat and a Manhattan apartment one floor below Jhabvala's. On weekends the extended family moves to Ivory's 40-acre country place in the Hudson River Valley, where the male partners are restoring a large 1805 Greek Revival house. "It's like Prospero's island, like *Tara*," marvels Kit Hesketh-

Harvey, who collaborated with Ivory on the *Maurice* script. "It casts a complete magic over you. You work like blazes and then at night you go down, bathe in the lake and come up anointed. It is an intensely familial situation, and you get adopted."

When she discovered there was no part for her in *Maurice*, a tale of a homosexual awakening in pre-World War I England, Bonham Carter felt the family had abandoned her and said so. Determined to be involved, she ended up working on the set as a hairdresser. Laughs Hesketh-Harvey: "You could see the stars of *Maurice* thinking that if you do one Merchant-Ivory film, you end up doing the hair on the next!"

Merchant raises money and opens doors. "I never take no for an answer," he declares. "It simply doesn't exist as an op-



The triumphant team: Merchant and Ivory

it to music and sang it at the wrap party. *Shoot, Jim! Shoot!*

The huge and unexpected triumph of *A Room with a View* has brought in lavish Hollywood offers but has failed to alter Merchant's pinchpenny philosophy. Made for a mere \$3 million—one-fourth the cost of the average Hollywood movie—it is expected to gross \$50 million and is a strong contender for Oscar nominations. *Maurice*, which is also an adaptation of an E.M. Forster novel, will cost even less, \$2.5 million, and feature two relatively unknown actors, James Wilby as Maurice and Hugh Grant as Clive, his first romance. "Ismail has tremendous charm and substitutes it for the lack of money," explains Helena Bonham Carter, 20, one of the stars of *A Room with a View*. "You might not get paid very much, but you tend to believe in what you're making. And he feeds you very well."

Those uncomplicated ingredients have at last brought them commercial success, and neither Merchant nor Ivory seems eager to tamper with the recipe. Merchant, 50, is a hustler who grew up in Bombay, India's film capital. Coming to the U.S. in 1958, he studied business at New York University and made a short, which won an Academy Award nomination. Ivory, 58, is a shy Oregonian who at-



James Wilby, top, and Hugh Grant in *Maurice*

tion." Ivory does the rest. "Relaxation is the answer to everything," says Elliott. "There's a gentle attitude on the set, none of that frenetic carrying on that you sometimes get with lesser people. Ismail occasionally comes by, yelling for James to shoot, but he doesn't interfere, because he knows that James is capable of being quite strong and firm."

Where will the trio turn next in their stately march through the Penguin classics? Jhabvala would like to do James' *Portrait of a Lady* or perhaps Howard's *End*, another Forster novel. Merchant wants to do George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. One thing is certain: They will not take the offer of a Hollywood studio and make *A Room with a View, Part II*. "We'll only do it," Merchant replied, "if you can resurrect Forster to write the book." —By Gerald Clarke.

Reported by Liz Nickson/London

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Books

Tough Talk and Local Color

BANDITS by Elmore Leonard; Arbor House, 345 pages; \$17.95

Legend will someday have it that Author Elmore Leonard became an overnight success with his 23rd novel. Such is not quite the case. True, *Glitz* (1985) rocketed toward the top of hardback best-seller lists, a feat that earlier Leonard books had not accomplished. Credit for this commercial breakthrough has been given to the huge promotional campaign waged on behalf of *Glitz* by its publisher. All those ads certainly did not hurt. But Leonard's triumph may have a somewhat

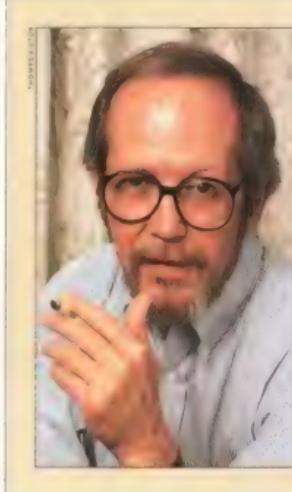
U.S. lowlife shows signs of developing a social conscience. They may be right but, like everyone else, will have to read through to the conclusion to find out.

Bandits is its own best plot summary. Part of Leonard's consummate narrative skill is his ability to camouflage complicated exposition as casual chatter. Thus it seems only natural that Jack Delaney, 40, a former jewel thief who has done time at a Louisiana penitentiary, should wind up working at the New Orleans mortuary

Excerpt

“This game's like any other, you have to play by the rules. An honest criminal, if he's caught and convicted, will abide by the fact he's broken the law and is gonna do time. I've learned that's how you get through life without punching walls and hurting yourself: you abide by the facts of the situation, whatever it is. Didn't you know that? I thought you might've come across it in nun training . . .

Lucy listened, but it seemed with some effort. She said right away, 'I'm not going to argue with you about law. We're not criminals.'



less expensive explanation: the devoted readers who enjoyed and passed along the writer's early westerns (*Hombre*) and those who discovered somewhere along the way his ensuing string of crime and mystery novels (*Swag*, *Stick*, *La Brava*) finally coalesced into a critical, bookstore-stamping mass.

Once his diverse audiences caught up with him, Leonard, 61, faced the inevitable problem of an encore. Everyone can relax. *Bandits* should fill the land with the sound of pages turning. It offers all the suspense, tough talk and local color that anyone could expect, plus a few surprises. Veteran fans may experience the uneasy feeling, toward the end of the book, that Leonard's characteristic hard-boiled fiction is turning a trifle runny inside, that one of the most unsparing chroniclers of

owned by his brother-in-law Leo. Why is it, Leo wonders aloud, that every time they get a call to collect a corpse from the National Hansen's Disease Center at Carville, Jack calls in sick? Is he afraid of leprosy or what? The next thing Jack knows, he is driving the firm's hearse to a local soup kitchen and picking up a Roman Catholic nun who will oversee the transfer of a body from the Carville hospital back to New Orleans.

Only Lucy Nichols is no longer a member of the Sisters of St. Francis, and the person she and Jack are retrieving, not dead. Amelia Sosa has in fact been smuggled by Lucy out of Nicaragua, footsteps ahead of Colonel Dagoberto Godoy, a murderous former member of the Somosa military dictatorship and now a leader of the *contras* in their armed struggle against

the ruling Sandinistas. The colonel, for rather complex reasons, has come to New Orleans to kill Amelia, his onetime mistress, and to solicit private businessmen for contributions to be used, ostensibly, to arm the *contras*. The figure he has in mind is \$5 million; he carries a letter of recommendation from President Ronald Reagan.

Had *Bandits* appeared a year ago, this freewheeling use of the Chief Executive might have produced disbelief. Now stretches of the novel seem run in tandem with daily headlines. This accident of timing may help the book's sales, but Leonard's imaginative license is liable to be mistaken for a matter of fact. That would be unfair because the author makes unlikely events spring from carefully prepared plausibilities, some of which, through no fault of his own, may actually occur.

Who would believe that an ex-nun, an ex-con and some of his pals from prison days could seriously plan to rob a Nicaraguan ex-bigwig before he leaves New Orleans with a small fortune? Who could credit Lucy Nichols' plan for obtaining and spending her share of the loot: the desire to rebuild a clinic in Nicaragua that she saw Colonel Godoy and his *contra* henchmen destroy? Why would Delaney, safely out of stir and trying to go straight, involve himself in a risky scheme to assist victims of a war of which he is largely ignorant? After hearing Lucy's first explanation of the conflict in Nicaragua, he wonders, "But which were the good guys and which were the bad guys?"

Delaney's question haunts *Bandits*: it is repeated by other characters and remains unresolved at the end. But little else in the novel stays in doubt. Leonard's confused people are grounded in blindingly clear particulars. Their talk, with the *whats* slurred ("The hell kind a name was that?" "You talking about?"), sounds gritty and realistic but is actually a highly stylized distillation of normal sloppy speech. Listening to them amounts to a speed-reading course in blighted dreams. One of Delaney's friends confesses, "Jack, what's money? I got enough to last me the rest of my life, if I die Tuesday." Delaney recalls the advice of the man who taught him how to rob hotel rooms: "Always look nice and always ride the elevator. You run into somebody on the stairs they gonna remember you. 'cause you don't see nobody on the stairs as a rule. But a elevator, man, you so close to people they don't see you."

Despite such training, Jack got caught. This time out, his enemies include not only local police but the colonel, the colonel's bodyguards, a suspicious fellow who is probably with the CIA, an interloper from the Irish Republican Army and, quite possibly, one of the guys he has recruited to help him pull off the heist. "No way," as Leonard's dialogue might describe the problem. And one of the author's indefatigable optimists would surely respond, "Maybe."

By Paul Gray



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Books

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THE SECOND OLDEST

PROFESSION

by Phillip Knightley

Norton: 436 pages, \$19.95

Journalist Phillip Knightley prefers his legends lightly tarnished. An earlier book, *The First Casualty: From the Crimea to Vietnam: The War Correspondent as Hero, Propagandist, and Myth Maker*, removed the romantic luster from combat journalism. *The Second Oldest Profession: Spies and Spying in the Twentieth Century* is a pickling look at the romantic past and bureaucratic present of the flourishing espionage business.

Understandably rough figures are offered in evidence. The U.S. and the U.S.R. each spend more than \$7.5 billion on intelligence services. The British tally is given at \$900 million. The number of people directly or marginally employed in spooking is even more difficult to estimate, although Knightley confidently puts the minimum at 1.25 million.

The pre-World War I founders of today's major spy networks did not think that big. Forerunners of Britain's Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) and MI5 were tight little units of upper-class amateurs. Ex-Operative David Cornwell, better known as Novelist John le Carré, offers a few bitter words on the subject: "The Empire may be crumbling; but within our secret elite, the clean-limbed tradition of English power would survive. We believe in nothing but ourselves."

The gentleman spy was also native to the U.S. Founded in 1917, a clique known as The Room used the cover of international travel and scientific expeditions to gather information that it passed on to Washington and London. The Room's membership list read like the *Social Register*: Vincent Astor, Kermi Roosevelt, David Bruce (Andrew Mellon's son-in-law), Nelson Doubleday and a gilt edging of Wall Streeters and lawyers.

The Central Intelligence Agency, offspring of World War II's Office of Strategic Services, has its own clubby traditions. Knightley quotes Allen Dulles, who testified on agency staffing before a congressional committee in 1947: "I should think," said the future CIA director, "that a couple of dozen people throughout the United States could do it, two in New York, one in Chicago, and one in San Francisco." Dulles felt that "scores rather than hundreds" could handle U.S. intelligence requirements abroad, and, he added, "If this thing gets to be a great big octopus, it should not function well."

Knightley estimates that the CIA now employs about 16,000 people. Add to that the million or more who are directly engaged in deception and analysis throughout the world, and the potential for chaos is enormous. As the author's survey of modern snooping illustrates with unrestrained

relish, free-lancers, self-serving desk jockeys, double and triple agents turn espionage into what James J. Angleton, former chief of the CIA's counterintelligence division, called a "wilderness of mirrors."

And who is the fairest of them all? Knightley's candidate is Kim Philby, the KGB's mole in British intelligence who set up the SIS's anti-Soviet division, coordinated activities with the CIA and so could convey details of the West's counterspying activity to the Kremlin. Philby, exposed by a KGB blunder, was able to escape to Moscow but not before he came within a hair of becoming "C," the chief of the SIS and, ac-



Phillip Knightley: a "wilderness of mirrors"

cording to Knightley, "the most accomplished spy ever."

In general, however, the author holds the effectiveness of espionage to be overrated. Perhaps, but Knightley cannot prove this with lively anecdotes bounced from a wilderness of mirrors. He is more convincing when demonstrating that the gathering of secrets, and the spreading of lies, is one of the world's biggest growth industries.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

Life Studies

BLUERABARD'S EGG AND OTHER STORIES

by Margaret Atwood

Houghton Mifflin: 281 pages, \$16.95

Reading Margaret Atwood's short stories is like seeing life studies done by an artist famous for large, symbolic canvases. Absent are the extended metaphors that gave form to her earlier novels. The protagonist of *An Edible Woman*, for example, feels so cannibalized by the people in her life that she serves her fiance a bride made of sponge cake and icing, then flees from the altar. Gone too is Atwood's allegorizing. In last year's *The Hand-*

maid's Tale she offered a vision of America transformed into a Fundamentalist Christian theocracy.

Here Atwood is concerned with rapid and telling characterization, especially of men. In *Scarlet Ibis*, Don and Christine have gone on vacation to Trinidad, where the decomposition of their marriage picks up speed. Don is the kind of fellow on whom a sunburn, "instead of giving him a glow of health, made him seem angry." He began "drumming his fingers on tabletop again." When he made love to his wife, it was "as if he were listening for something else, a phone call, a footfall. He was like a man scratching himself. She was like his hand."

The heroine of the title story, Sally, is in love with her husband's stupidity. Every time Ed says or does something foolish, Sally "wants to hug him, and often does; and he is so stupid he can never figure out what for." She confides Ed's gaffes to her best friend Marylynne, who giggles with her. Sally improves her mind by taking up gourmet cooking, medieval history and anthropology. Ed is unimpressed; he prefers meat loaf to sweet-breads with pine nuts, and working in the yard to scholarly pastimes. Atwood builds the case for Ed's "endeearing thickness" so cannily that it almost seems true. But, as it turns out, Sally is really the dumb one: Ed's seeming obtuseness is only his shield against her disdain. Sally glimpses that truth when she catches her husband at a party with his arm pressed against Marylynne's "shimmering upper thigh." Too late, Sally muses, "Possibly he's enormously clever."

Atwood's writing is formidably disciplined; she keeps her characters at a distance. The finest piece in this collection, *The Sunrise*, suggests some of the author's strategies. Yvonne, an artist, follows men whose aspects interest her. She tracks them down in the street and induces them to pose for portraits in her studio. She never chooses subjects with "capped-looking teeth," who display themselves as if their faces were "pictures already, finished, varnished, impermeable." Instead, she prefers odd-looking men, like a punk artist with an orange Mohawk, one of her most inspired characterizations. Yvonne suspects that he is a "spray-painter, the kind that goes around at night and writes things on brick walls, things like CRUNCHY GRANOIA A SUCKS and SAVI SOVIET JEWS! WIN-BIG PRIZES!" But she is attracted by "the sullenness, the stylistic belligerence, the aggressive pastiness and deliberate potato-sprouting-in-the-cellar lack of health."

Like the artist in her story, Atwood sketches the "imperfect flesh" of those who "show signs of the forces acting upon them, who have been chipped a little, rained on, frayed, like shells on the beach." Not beautiful people, these characters, but in the author's quick hands they are something far more intriguing and valuable: they are alive. —By Patricia Blake

Theater

Disorientation as an Art Form

At 20, the American Repertory still baffles and delights

A tall man in a tweed sports jacket walks back and forth along the aisles of the theater, gabbling into a microphone about the auteurist theory of stage direction. Then he drags recalcitrant actors from the wings and introduces them by their real names. After angry debate, they undertake to improvise scenes that will define their 1920s Sicilian characters, only to have the speaker break in and say they have talked enough. All the while, an impish man uses a video camera to record the proceedings and simultaneously project them onto a screen at center stage. The cameraman narrates a "documentary" of random black-and-white footage of Sicily, reaching a comic apogee by intoning about Gestalt psychology as the film shows pigs being slaughtered.

That bizarre sequence opens *Tonight We Improvise*, a play by Luigi Pirandello, adapted and directed by Robert Brustein for his American Repertory Theater in Cambridge, Mass. Brustein also plays the impresario advocating auteurism; the cameraman is Frederick Wiseman, renowned for such PBS cinéma vérité documentaries as *Canal Zone* and *Meat*. Their monologues, just serious enough to be plausible—Brustein actually does believe that directors have as creative a role as writers—eventually become self-mockingly funny. But the jokes seem to go over the heads of much of the audience; instead of laughing, many spectators stare deadpan as if trying to catch up. Later sequences offer conventional, tell-me-a-story pleasures: a mother with a toothache tries to dispel it through elaborate religious ritual; a drunken father comes home and dies in a poignant scene made all the more impressive by the fact that moments before, the actor had stepped out of character to label his role unplayable.

The net effect is a powerful display of theater's seductive capacity to dislodge illusion one moment, then compellingly restore it the next. Still, many Cambridge viewers remain baffled. They appear not to grasp that most of the scenario is Pirandello's rather than Brustein's and that despite the title, most is scripted rather than improvised. By Brustein's standards, the show is a success: it arouses rather than coddles audiences, forcing them to ponder the nature of theater—not least the potential for being manipulated while happily submerged in a story. Says Brustein: "Au-

diences are responding correctly: they are being disoriented. The more we achieve Pirandello's intentions, the more people don't get what we are up to."

Tonight We Improvise opens A.R.T.'s 20th season and typifies the way Brustein's troupe has alternately exhilarated,

quality of its work and the actors who have performed there, from Meryl Streep and Christopher Walken to current Members Elizabeth Franz (a Tony nominee for *Brighton Beach Memoirs*) and Ken Howard (TV's *The White Shadow*).

One of the company's goals, Brustein says, is to demonstrate for audiences "what is unique about theater, what can happen intellectually only in that environment, as opposed to illusions that could be bettered on film or videotape." That translates into virtual exclusion of such naturalistic writers as Arthur Miller and Eugene O'Neill and of what Brustein calls "verbal, academic playwrights like Shaw, Wilde and Tom Stoppard." Adds Brustein: "We are not interested in the theater of totally resolved emotions." Instead the company has emphasized new non-narrative plays, obscure classics infused with directorial pyrotechnics, political tracts and works at the borderline between theater and opera. The results have often enraged purists. Last season Brustein staged a Jacobean tragedy, *The Changeling*, minus its major subplot; Andrei Serban's 1982 staging reduced the *Three Sisters* yearning for "Moscow" to an endearment crooned to an infant.

Brustein's latest step is to establish at Harvard what he inherited at Yale in 1966 as dean of its drama school: a conservatory for training actors, directors and designers. The Institute for Advanced Theater Training opened in October, and will become a two-year, nondegree program with a total of 40 students, mostly recent U.S. college graduates. The training will include performing in or working backstage at A.R.T. shows.

Brustein, 59, has taught English at Columbia, Yale and now Harvard and is the longtime drama critic for the *New Republic*, but he prefers the practical side of drama. Undaunted by some early failures at Yale, including his science fiction *Macbeth* in 1971, he has gone on to direct or produce productions of wit, energy and visual sophistication. Although he has been "a little taken aback" at the response to *Tonight We Improvise*, he argues, with the tenacity that has made him a godfather of the regional repertory movement, "Any theater that believes and persists in its vision will eventually draw an audience." The A.R.T. is a compelling case in point. Occluded storytelling cost it nearly half its subscribers between the second and third seasons at Harvard. The rebuilt audience, if still sometimes off-balance, is passionately loyal: the company played to at least 95% of capacity in each of its past two seasons.

—By William A. Henry III



Brustein in *Improvisation* and outside A.R.T.
Demonstrating what is unique to the stage

frustrated and befuddled—but rarely bored—it's audiences while building a reputation as perhaps the nation's most prestigious regional theater. Although Brustein routinely disparages Broadway, some of his productions end up there, including the 1983 Pulitzer prizewinner, *Night, Mother*. The troupe received Broadway's highest accolade, a Tony Award, last June. A.R.T.'s luster has been augmented by its affiliations with universities—Yale from 1966 to mid-1979 (another ensemble now performs as the Yale Repertory Theater) and since then Harvard. But its main claim to glory is the

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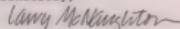
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Art

Getting On the Map

New money fuels Los Angeles' museum surge

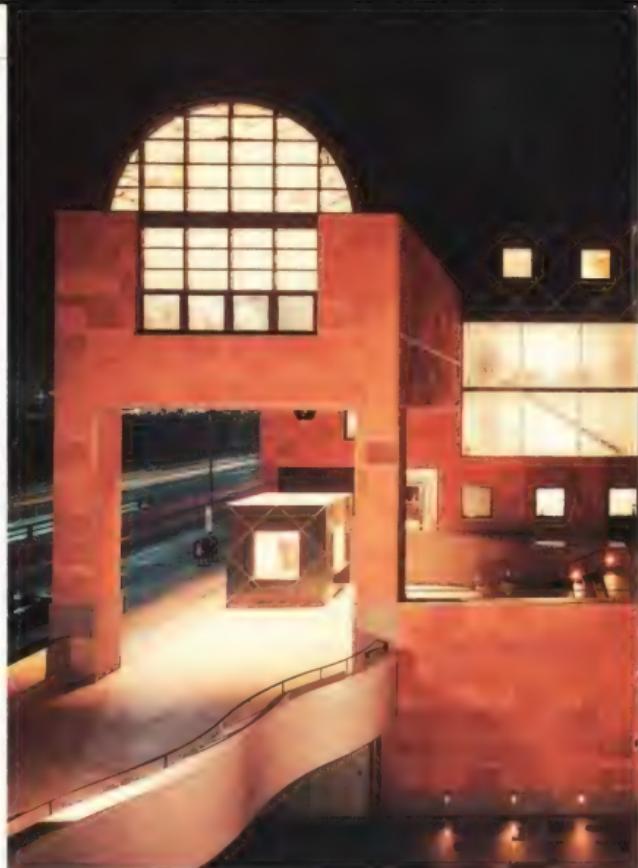
Q. What's the difference between Los Angeles and a bowl of yogurt?

A. Yogurt has a live culture.

Time to pension off that oldie, at least where the visual arts are concerned. The '80s have been growth years for new museums across America, and nowhere more so than in Los Angeles. The end of 1986 saw a variety of art institutions either up or growing amid the sprawl of freeways. The most newsworthy, which opened early in December to a white glare of publicity faintly shaded with apprehension, is the Museum of Contemporary Art, known by its acronym MOCA. It was closely preceded by the \$35 million Robert O. Anderson building, a new wing intended to see the city's chief museum, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA, for short), into the 21st century.

In the background of all this was the quiet, planetary bulk of the J. Paul Getty Trust, endowed with an astronomical \$2.8 billion for running five main entities: the J. Paul Getty Museum, the Getty Center for the History of Art and the Humanities, the Getty Art History Information Program, the Getty Center for Education in the Arts and the Conservation Institute. The Getty trust Los Angeles headquarters, to be designed by Architect Richard Meier, is bound to shift the balance of art scholarship throughout the world, turning Los Angeles into one of its indispensable centers. More than any single museum, the Getty will alter the West Coast's sense of cultural identity.

There are good reasons why the growth of American museums has reached this temporary peak in Los Angeles. It is the second biggest city in the U.S. and determined to make itself felt. It teems with new money thirsting for status through art. In Los Angeles, city of therapies one sees the great American illusion that art is socially therapeutic brought to its apex. Medicane longings inflate the breast of the lowest junk-bond zillionaire. Whole busloads of fledgling collectors shuttle on regular tours, shepherded



by docents, art-investment consultants and "educators" of every stamp, among the private collections of Beverly Hills, Bel Air and Malibu. What other commodity offers such a blend of transcendence and fiscal display? Buying is a spectator sport, and the art gallery the Nautilus center of the soul. But in Movieland, the heat of egotism creates a desire for equal screen credit. Where else would a museum herald a show of Picasso sculptures, as LACMA did a couple of years ago, with a crimson banner on its facade: THE WOLPER PICASSOS as though the schlockmeister of the Statue of Liberty had helped make them by buying them?

El Lay, La-La Land—this part of the West Coast, as its nicknames imply, has long been stuck with the reputation of a cultural slide area where not much is deep, permanent or altogether serious. This is the price of being the world's fantasy mill. Its origins lie in the fierce distrust of popular culture (which Los Angeles epitomizes) among New York City

intellectuals of the '40s and '50s. In fact, one can make a most impressive list of contemporary Los Angeles artists, from Richard Diebenkorn to the young sculptor Mark Lere. But what the city lacked was the sense of layering, of patronage and museum policy, of critical argument and institutional depth.

There are perhaps 1,000 art buyers in Los Angeles. Their passions invite, and to some extent deserve, a degree of skepticism. The visitor who wends his way from house to house, seeing the same work by the same fashionable names, trophies of an insecure herd instinct that relies too much on too few galleries, most of them in New York (Castelli, Pace, Blum, Helman, Boone, Cooper, Gagosian), is bound to feel dyspeptic. Was ever so much money raked from such passive, anxious uniformity of taste? And did dealers ever have such an unbridled influence on museum trustees and, through trustees, on curators? The problem is not confined to Los Angeles, but it seems to show itself there



The Museum of Contemporary Art and, above right, the new wing of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art: a red cherry atop an ugly sundae and an obliteration like the giant foot in *Monty Python*

more vividly than in any other major art center. Such lobbying is why MOCA's opening show, *Individuals: A Selected History of Contemporary Art*, presented as an account of world painting and sculpture since 1945, became a travesty of its subject, albeit one that contains some distinguished art.

Yet Los Angeles has some of the best private collections in America. These include the scholarly and fastidiously chosen group of 19th century American paintings assembled over the past two decades by Jo Ann and Julian Ganz Jr.; Robert Rifkind's superb *conspicuum* of German expressionist paintings, sculpture, prints and posters, remarkable for its depth and its number of first-rate works by unfamiliar names as well as obvious greats; the collections of post-1945 American art put together by Robert Rowan, Marcia Weisman and her ex-husband Frederick Weisman; anthologies of big-ticket contemporary work bought in a few years by Douglas Cramer and Eli Broad;

smaller and more concentrated collections owned by Steve Martin and Beatrice and Phil Gersh.

But over the past decade, the thinness of L.A.'s art institutions began to cause heartburn. There had been a contemporary museum in Pasadena, but it collapsed for lack of money in 1974 and was acquired by the industrialist Norton Simon, it now houses his magnificent collection of old-master and 19th century painting. This left LACMA as the main showplace for current art. But through the '70s its treatment of contemporary painting and sculpture had been sporadic. Some collectors and artists came to feel a new museum was needed.

Chief among these was Marcia Weisman. Norton Simon's sister and a formidable presence on the cultural horizon of the West Coast. In 1979 she began to lobby L.A.'s mayor Tom Bradley, for a building—or at least a site—for a contemporary art museum, and helped form an ad hoc museum committee. This came to

the ears of the community redevelopment agency which was getting ready to let a final eleven-acre parcel of land in Los Angeles' seedy downtown Bunker Hill district. Gradually a deal was hammered out that is unique in the civic relations of American museums.

Developing this piece of Bunker Hill would cost about \$1 billion. The law said that 1.5% of the construction costs of new buildings had to be spent on fine-arts embellishments. Such a percentage of a billion might build a whole museum—just. (In the end the cost of the new museum was \$23 million.) So the CRA made the construction of a free museum incumbent on any developer who submitted a proposal. The city of Los Angeles gave the land, and the developer the building; total operating responsibility was reserved to MOCA. After 1983, while the Bunker Hill site was in construction, MOCA began its operations in the Temporary Contemporary, or T.C., a former police warehouse renovated to remarkable effect by Los Angeles Architect Frank Gehry.

Thus MOCA is the red cherry atop a huge and ugly sundae of realty speculation. But the building itself, designed by Tokyo-based Arata Isozaki, is a triumph, perhaps the most thoroughly felt new museum to rise in an American city since Louis Kahn's 1972 Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth. Its chief exhibition spaces are under the courtyard level, lit from above by beautifully proportioned groups of pyramidal skylights. In this way Isozaki has made the subtlest possible use of Los Angeles' main natural asset, its clear and candied light. No architect in America, not even Kahn himself, has reflected more sensitively on space and natural light in their relation to works of art. Isozaki's use of materials, especially the white, curved, fused-glass paneling and the rugose red skin of Indian sandstone with which the declarative cube-and-arch geometries of the entrance block are sheathed, is wonderfully precise and just offbeat enough to keep the eye alert.

Isozaki's design did not fare smoothly



Clockwise from above,
Collectors Riffkind,
Weisman and Broad; in
the city of therapies, the
gallery as Nautilus center
of the soul

at first. It fell afoul of a small group of trustees headed by industrialist Max Palevsky, who, along with Eli Broad, put up the initial seed money for the museum—\$1 million each, spread over four years. Palevsky wanted a plain hangar of a building as little “architecture” as possible. But after a two-day slugging of a meeting, the board voted 17-3 for Itozaki, at which Palevsky resigned in a huff and sued for half his money back. But by then other key grants were in line. The “major breakthrough,” according to Director Richard Koshalek, was getting Security Pacific Banker Carl Hartman on the MOCA board. This gave MOCA real standing with the downtown business establishment, which came to see the museum’s success as a necessary emblem of the economic rebirth of Bunker Hill.

But emblem or not, MOCA has had its share of troubles. It is lucky in its director: Koshalek, 45, formerly curator of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis and director of the Fort Worth Art Museum, is a man of intelligence and voracious enthusiasm. However, not much in the way of bequests and gifts has yet reached MOCA. Some of its trustees, notably Robert Rowan, have given it good individual

works. But so far only one collection has been donated: 64 works owned by the late Barry Lowen, a TV production executive whose tastes for minimal art, neopressionism and media-based “appropriation” imagery were much copied by new Los Angeles collectors before his death in 1985. There are few collectors of note among MOCA’s 39 trustees, and none have promised their holdings to the museum—not even Marcia Weisman, despite her role as founding mother. But Koshalek is convinced that MOCA’s collections will fill out, and that his target of funding acquisitions with \$10 million a year in gifts and raised money will be met. “Doing the Temporary Contemporary and Bunker Hill in four years left nothing over,” he says. “But now that the museum is up, we can put the same push into building the collection—and we will.”

In 1984 MOCA announced with much fanfare that it had agreed to buy, for \$11 million spread interest-free over six years, a group of works by Rauschenberg, Oldenburg, Rethko and others from Count Giuseppe Panza di Biumo, the Italian industrialist who was one of its trustees. Though it seems odd that a trustee could make a fortune by selling to his own

institution, the deal was perfectly legal in California. “There’s good self-dealing and bad self-dealing,” says Director Koshalek philosophically. Then last November word leaked out that Count Panza’s fellow trustees had discussed selling some of the works to raise the next \$2 million installment. This too would have been legal—there was no agreement to keep the collection intact—but when the indignant count blew the story to the press, MOCA was seen as a museum that could sell part of its collection to pay for the rest before it had even opened. Such gestures make potential donors wary.

In any case, a recurrent dream of L.A.’s contemporary collectors is a museum of one’s own. One could get much the same tax benefits by giving the stuff to LACMA or MOCA, but then the museum might choose to sell some off, suggesting that one’s taste was . . . well, imperfect. Douglas Cramer, the TV producer who gave a gaudy world *Dynasty* and *The Love Boat*, has turned his ranch and vineyard at Santa Ynes into an art foundation (even the bottles carry chaste line drawings of vine leaves by Ellsworth Kelly on their white labels; the artist made a special trip to draw Cramer’s leaves *in situ*).

Eli Broad, the construction and insurance magnate who was founding chairman of MOCA, has three distinct collections (one corporate, one private and the third, the Eli Broad Family Foundation, specializing in loans to museums) and retains a public relations firm to keep them, and him, as visible as can be. There is a persistent rumor in Los Angeles art circles that Broad is waiting for MOCA’s operating funds for the T.C. to run out so that he can take it over as his own museum. Koshalek flatly denies that this is in the cards. “The leadership of this board, let alone the city, will never let the Temporary Contemporary go,” he says. Nor should they: the discourse between MOCA’s two buildings, the spare, rather grand abruptness of Gehry’s renovated warehouse contrasted with the hyper-refinement of Itozaki’s sunken museum, gives the museum a special flexibility of response to the display needs of today’s art. The T.C. should be kept at all costs.

The new wing of LACMA comes nowhere near MOCA’s ensemble in architectural quality. It is hampered by its relationship—or lack of one—to the existing buildings. These were probably the worst of any large museum in America, a mindless trio of pseudomodernist boxes completed in 1964 by Los Angeles Architect William Pereira. When the time came, in 1981, to expand LACMA, the proper response to them would have been the bulldozer. But that would have meant closing the museum. So its trustees engaged Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, a New York firm with a name for brash, virile signature buildings heavily layered with industrial metaphor, to design a new wing. The goals were to house LACMA’s modern and contemporary collections and shows, separating them from its other collections; to provide 50,000 sq. ft. of new

exhibition space, more storage room and new offices; and, if possible, to mask Pereira's unloved buildings.

Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer did not merely rise to this challenge. The new wing, named for its principal donor, Robert O. Anderson, former chairman of the board and CEO of Arco, has obliterated the old museum like the giant foot in *Monty Python*. What was once the museum's forecourt is now filled with a stepped façade some 300 feet long and, at its highest, 100 feet tall: a blind screen of yellow limestone, horizontal bands of green ceramic and patches of glass block, with a gargantuan rectangular entrance portal. The architects have so overdone their contextual homage to Hollywood Deco-Babylon that the effect verges on camp. Once inside, things recover: the galleries are large, well proportioned and properly

lit, and LACMA's collection of 20th century art—already the best on the West Coast—has been enlarged in the past few years with some distinguished purchases and gifts, particularly in the areas of cubism and German expressionism. Furthermore, the first show in the Anderson building, an extensive anthology by LACMA's senior curator of 20th century art, Maurice Tuchman, titled *The Spiritual in Art: Abstract Painting 1890-1985* (see box), breaks new ground in the study of abstract art.

The fact that LACMA has made a new wing for modern and contemporary art its main sign of growth suggests that it falls in direct competition with MOCA. But LACMA's director, Earl ("Rusty") Powell III, brushes this aside. Robert Anderson, he points out, urged Arco to give \$1 million to MOCA as well as \$3.6 million to LACMA.

And in any case, LACMA's master plan for expansion was mostly drawn up before the 1980 announcement of MOCA's founding. "The record has already proved that we haven't detracted from each other in the search for funds," says Powell. Few doubt that Los Angeles can manage to support two museums of modern and contemporary art, and Powell dismisses the idea that LACMA and MOCA will end up cutting each other's throats. "Will the Met's new wing of modern art detract from the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney or the Guggenheim?" he asks. "No—it just creates a more fertile environment." So it will, and the indications are that Los Angeles is the place where the old reflexive assumptions about the provincialism of the rest of America vis-à-vis New York are fated to be broken down at last. But not tomorrow.

—By Robert Hughes

Pyramid Power in Paint

Quick, now: which had more influence on abstract art? Picasso or Jakob Böhme? Freud or Annie Besant? The theory of relativity or Robert Fludd's *Utriusque cosmij*? The answer, as anyone can attest after seeing the opening exhibition, "The Spiritual in Art: Abstract Painting 1890-1985," in the Los Angeles County Museum's new wing is in each case the latter. The good news, one might say, is that early 20th century abstract art, long regarded by a suspicious public as basically meaningless and without a subject, turns out to have a very distinct and pervasive one—the last mutation, in fact, of religious experience in the visual arts. The other news is that spiritualism is so arcane and culturally eccentric that it may make the paintings look even less accessible than when they were seen as "pure" form. Yet the timing of this show is brilliant. Like late Imperial Rome, modern America is riddled with superstition, addicted to gurus, Sibyls and purveyors of every kind of therapeutic nostrum. One does not need a pamphlet to deduce that an exhibition which demonstrates as clearly as this one how great painters like Piet Mondrian and Wassily Kandinsky conceived their art in terms of thought forms, astral vibrations and hidden cosmic symbolism is bound to attract a far larger audience than any orthodox show of abstract art.

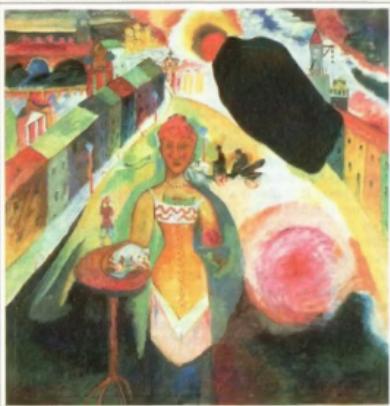
"The genesis and development of abstract art," argues the show's curator, Maurice Tuchman, in an enormous catalog comprising essays by him and 19 other contributors, "... reflects a desire to express spiritual, utopian or metaphysical ideals that cannot be expressed in traditional pictorial terms." One typical preoccupation was with the idea that the universe, instead of being the vast agglomeration of distinct things perceived by science or realism, was a single, living entity, pervaded by "cosmic" energies; these revealed themselves in "vibrations," the formative agents of all material shapes. Hence the desire to paint archetypal forms, so that Mondrian's rectangles and Kandinsky's floating circles are to be read as a kind of sacred geometry, pyramid power in paint. Hence, too, the peculiar use of light by artists like František Kupka—a shuddering, lyric vibration that implies the sublimities of landscape without describing them. Then there is the imagery of duality and paired opposites—light-dark, vertical-horizontal—and of synesthesia, whereby colors correspond to musical tones, or textures to tastes, and so on.

The work on view ranges from Symbolists like Paul Sérurier to gifted postmodernists like Bruno Ceccobelli; from mannered Rosicrucians and a little-known visionary named Hilma af Klint to Marsden Hartley, Georgia O'Keeffe and

Jasper Johns. Nor does it leave out that durable old alchemist, Marcel Duchamp. It also features several vitrines of early mystical, cosmological and alchemical texts known to have been studied by modern artists, some of whose illustrations are of astonishing beauty and suggestiveness. But its main focus, inevitably, is on the inventors of abstract art: Kandinsky, Mondrian, Kupka, Kazimir Malevich—all represented by remarkable works. One would have to go a long way before finding a more intriguing Kandinsky, for instance, than his *Lady in Moscow*, 1912, with its gray "health aura" and its sinister coffin-shaped black mass that, floating across the street, menaces the life-giving sun.

By the end of the show, one has been given rather too much. A wearying amount of second-rate work from the '50s and '60s has been included for its imagery alone, and much of it is Kosmic Komix décor. Some artists, like Ellsworth Kelly, come out looking like resolute materialists whose pared-down insistence on the autonomy of formal means suggests no "spiritual" aspect (as defined by the earlier parts of the show) at all. But this is a brave curatorial labor all the same, a stimulating and important move in the general rereading of modern art that is so much a part of the '80s.

—By R. H.



Kandinsky's *Lady in Moscow*, 1912: a spiritual quest

Essay

Casablanca in Color? I'm Shocked, Shocked!

From all the fuss, you would have thought it was a theft of the Elgin Marbles or the rape of the Sabine women. "Criminal mutilation," says Woody Allen. "Artistic desecration," says the Directors Guild of America. "Cultural vandalism," says the Western branch of the Writers Guild of America. Not since Ingmar Bergman was run out of town on a morals charge has Hollywood been in such a pious fit. Directors, actors, critics, even the old editorialist, have risen as one to denounce the depredations of—colorization.

Colorization is the gimmick by which a computer and an "art director" team up to apply color to an old black-and-white movie. The colorizers, to their credit, have few pretensions. The idea is to make money. "People don't like black and white," says the president of Colorization Inc. "When we color it, they buy it."

The guardians of the culture are not pleased. The Screen Actors Guild, the American Film Institute and the American Society of Cinematographers have denounced the practice. John Huston has suggested a boycott of products advertised on TV showings of colorized movies. The Directors Guild is looking for legal ways to block colorization. Its British counterpart has simply called on the government to outlaw it. Conspiracy to colorize: three years to life.

Simple justice. Is not turning an elegant *film noir* like *The Maltese Falcon* into a lurid color riot a travesty? Like putting a mustache on the *Mona Lisa*?

Travesty, yes. Mustache, no. Colorizing leaves the original black-and-white prints unmoisted. (In fact, they are rendered in mint condition before colorizing begins, which is why some film archivists like the idea.) Only a tape of the film is colorized. Nothing is altered. Colorization is not like painting a mustache on the *Mona Lisa*. It is like painting a mustache on cheap prints of the *Mona Lisa*. The original remains in the Louvre, pristine. Copies of the original, sans mustache, remain readily available. Where is the loss? What is the damage?

Not physical, admit the outraged. The damage is to art and to taste. Colorization turns art into junk.

Well, yes. The colors are dismal. The film is distorted. The director's intentions are trashed. It is true that most old films are junk anyway, so colorizing them would turn dank junk into juiced-up junk. It is also true that watching *Casablanca* for the chiaroscuro lighting rather than the dialogue is a bit like buying *Playboy* for the articles. The charge of philistinism is slightly overdrawn. But, on the whole, only slightly.

Nevertheless, it is not as if artistic intent is never compromised in pursuit of a wider audience. Hollywood has for decades tolerated dubbing. There is much money to be made in overseas markets. Dubbing spares unlettered foreigners the strain of subtitles. For the sake of a few deutsche marks, Hollywood is quite prepared to have Gary Cooper mosey up to a bar and say, "*Ein Bier, bitte.*" Colorization is, in principle, no more than visual dubbing for a generation that is deaf to black and white.

Grant, nevertheless, that colorization does turn art into junk. Our culture produces megatons of junk every year. Why not let the market decide? What's with the boycotts? If the colorized version is as bad as the critics claim, it will fail for good capitalist reasons. No one will watch it. When enough people lose enough

money in any venture, it dies: 3-D died. At best (or worst), colorization might carve out a market niche for a small group of cultural illiterates, the video equivalent of Classic Comics.

Let the individual choose. Anyone can rent the black-and-white *Casablanca*. And even when the philistines insist on putting a tainted *Casablanca* on TV, all you have to do to restore artistic integrity is turn off the color on your set. Why the panic?

The critics are panicked that you won't turn off the color. They propose to do it for you. "It's a decision the public shouldn't be forced to make," says Critic Gene Siskel. The Minister of Culture could hardly have said it better, though some of the subtlety might be lost in translation from the Russian.

The critics' real fear is that colorization will win the market. Colorization will so corrupt tastes that people will lose their appreciation of the beauty of the black-and-white original. The original print will exist, but in a vault. In the culture it will die.

Junk will drive out art.

"If colorizing is popular," writes the *New York Times*'s Richard Moeley, "it will inevitably drive the original versions out of circulation." The sheer volume and, with improvements, prettiness of colorization will dull the taste, then the demand for the original. "What worries me," says Producer George Stevens Jr., "is that, psychologically, the films will cease to exist in black and white. The new version will replace the old in the public's mind." In short: the market shapes tastes; a corrupt market will corrupt tastes.

My, my. An industry that feeds teenagers three helpings of *Porky's* and six of *Friday the 13th* now complains about the corruption of tastes. But more than mere hypocrisy is at work here. There is a logic problem. For decades Hollywood has flooded

the market with every conceivable variety of junk and then defended itself against the charge of degrading public tastes with a "Who, us? We just give them what they want." Tastes shape the market.

Except, it now seems, for colorization. Moreover, whenever bluenoses demand restraint against the porn and violence that are the staple of popular culture, they are met with "Who appointed you guardians of the public taste? Let the people decide. If they want junk, that's their prerogative. What did we fight two world wars for if not the right to buy *Penthouse* at the 7-Eleven?" But not, you see, for the right to rent a colored *Casablanca*.

Of course, the premise of the anticolorizing purists is correct. Even if you don't watch junk, the sheer weight of mass-produced junk, in the end, flattens and debases the culture and leaves you poorer. The market does shape demand. In a mass culture of such power, the very presence of junk corrupts, like secondhand smoke.

But if so, let the great black-and-white crusaders stand up and boycott and protect us from other debased and debasing junk in our culture. Otherwise, we have a right to conclude that they are not serious, just a bunch of effete moved by nostalgia, snobbery and fear. A Puritan, goes the old joke, is a person who lives in mortal fear that someone somewhere is having fun. A Hollywood Puritan is a person who lives in mortal fear that someone somewhere is watching Ingrid Bergman blush red in Rick's Café.

—By Charles Krauthammer



To the guardians of the culture, seeing *Stagecoach* in anything but black and white would be painful indeed



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